

THE

Juvenile Instructor

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NOVEMBER, 1917

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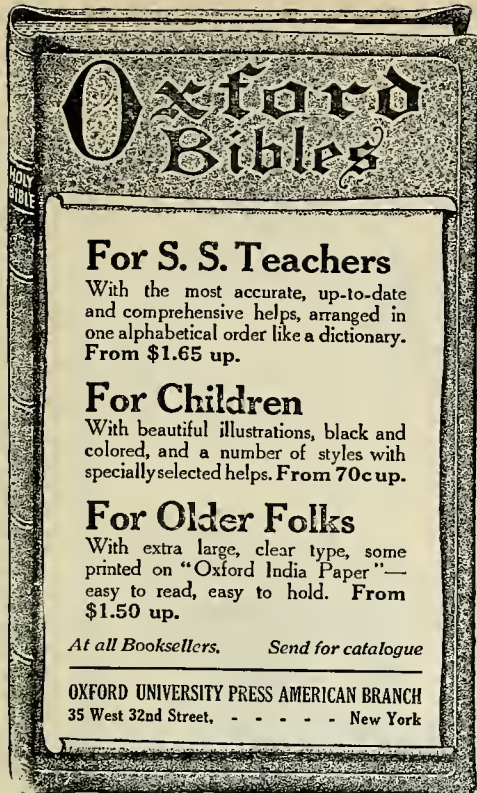
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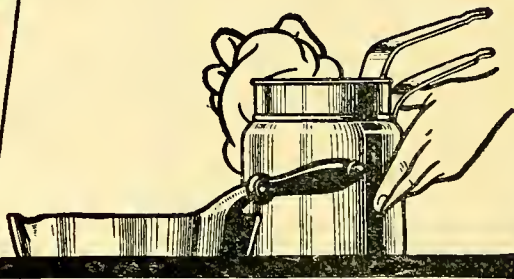
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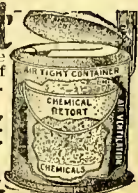
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A Child's Friends

By Mrs. M. S. Stone

Bed time! Bed time!

I hate to leave the moon—
Sandman! Sandman!

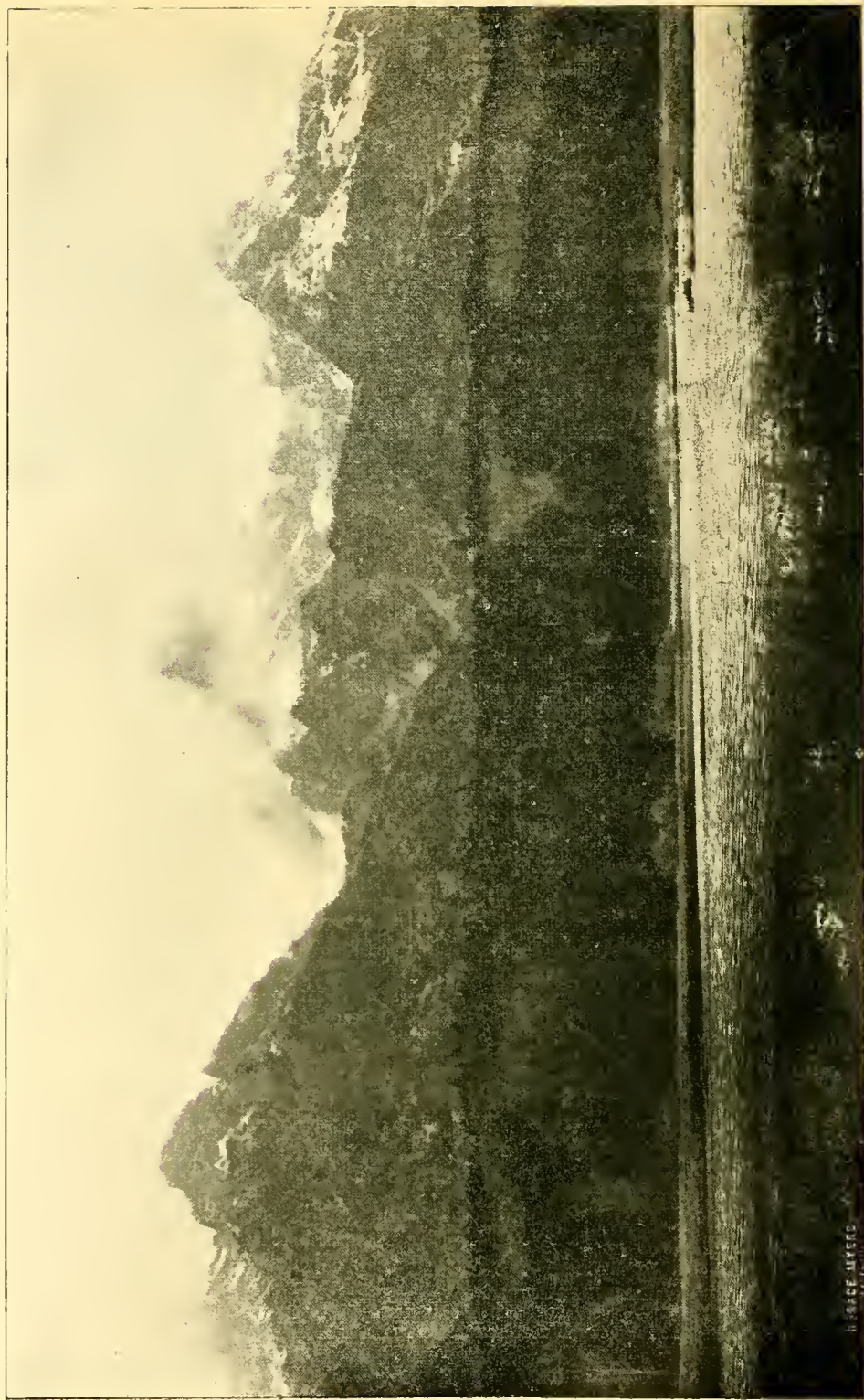
You've come so much too soon!
I love to watch my friend on high
Go swiftly sailing through the sky,
She seems to see me where I lie,
Moon, friendly moon!

Sleepland! Sleepland!

All night with you I'll stay;
Dreamland! Dreamland!
You seem so far away;
But gentle shadows round me creep,
And friendly stars from blue sky
peep,
Beneath their care I'll dream and
sleep,
Night, friendly night!

Daytime! Daytime!

Now I must dress in haste;
Sunshine! Sunshine!
There is no time to waste.
I love to feed the bleating calf,
I love to watch the goslings bath,
The strutting gobbler makes me
laugh,
Day, friendly day!



HERBERT H. HARRIS

THE TETON MOUNTAINS (see page 567)



Rambling About Old Fort Laramie

By Howard R. Driggs

Sunday, August 19th, was a day of rich experiences for me. I chanced on my way to Nebraska to go through old Fort Laramie, and I made opportunity to drop off twenty-four hours to visit this place so full of pioneer and other historic memories.

"You won't find a hotel or any other bloomin' place to stay, pardner," was the first greeting that came as I stepped off the train. "My advice is for ye to go on." It was an Irishman from some nearby ranch that gave me this discouraging counsel.

"Oh, well," I said, "my parents stayed here sixty-five years ago when there wasn't much but the ground to sleep on. I guess I can make shift."

"Well, if you're determined, ye might get a bunk over in that pool hall, or in the store."

I tried the store. It was kept by a good-natured Scandinavian by the name of Hanson. He opened his hospitable heart in a quiet way, and made a place for me to sleep.

Fort Laramie, they told me, was about three miles away, over the Platte River.

"Dere's goin' to be a Sunday School picnic over dere tomorrow," Mr. Han-

sen told me, "maybe you like to mix up in dem doin's. Heer comes de young feller vot's got it in charge."

A bright-faced young man walked into the store just then, and Mr. Hanson introduced me to him. I learned that he was a Mr. Coapman, a theological student from Wisconsin, who had been spending his vacation out in these wilds of Wyoming doing a gospel work among the scattered farmers. Several day schools had been organized, and as a kind of farewell—for Mr. Coapman was just leaving—they were having a picnic and convention at Fort Laramie the day following. I was urged to join them and promised to do so.

Next morning I had breakfast over the track in a kind of restaurant, and then I struck out along the sandy road for the old fort. The trail is about the same as it was in early days, I imagine. Sand grass and buffalo grass, sunflowers, torchweed, some cactus and other plants sprinkle the ground. The grasshoppers were jumping, the locusts singing and the mourning-doves flying about.

I crossed the Platte on the old bridge built in 1875 and hauled by ox

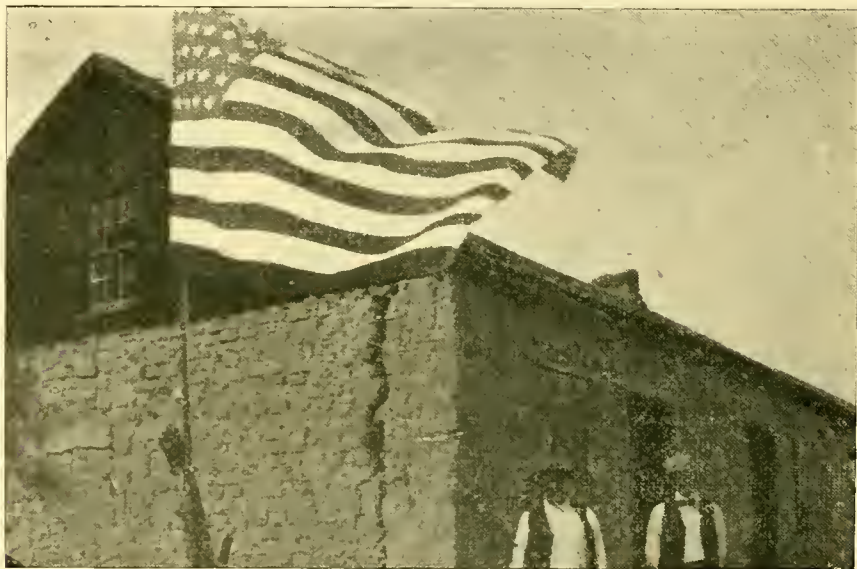
team from St. Joe. "It is one of the oldest iron bridges in the country. And one of the best," said one of the government engineers.

On approaching Fort Laramie I came to the old graveyard. "All of the bodies of the soldiers that were buried there 'except those that died of 'black smallpox'," they told me, "have been taken to the national cemeteries." The cemetery contains the remains of several half-breeds and some emigrants killed by the Indians.

Old Fort Laramie—the one that the first band of Pioneers found, has been completely destroyed. The original

Only a few are still in use by those who purchased the place for ranching purposes. Most of the old barracks are in ruins, crumbling away, but the place still echoes with memories of the past and the old ruins but a'd a touch of charm and sadness to its stories.

I had been directed to see Mr. and Mrs. Hunton, who have lived there since before the army left. Unfortunately Mr. Hunton, who is an authority on the history of the place, was away temporarily, but Mrs. Hunton gave me what facts she could remember about the post.



OLD TRADING POST, FORT LARAMIE

Built about 1851. "Joe Wilde," mentioned in article, on left.

fort, as students of western history know, was a fur trading post. It stood near where the Laramie River empties into the Platte, but nothing remains to mark the place.

The second Fort Laramie—a military post established by the government in 1849—however, is still there, though greatly dilapidated. When this post was abandoned in 1891, it was "sold for a song" and the buildings were demolished for the most part for the lumber they contain.

I was directed to an old frame building—the oldest, it is asserted, of its kind, in Wyoming. They call it "Bedlam"—a name given to it by Gen. Charles King in his novel "The Queen of Laramie." While living here as a lieutenant, he wrote the story in which this old house figures. It was used then as the quarters for the bachelor officers of the fort. "Bedlam" was built in 1851, I was informed, the lumber being hauled by ox-team from St. Joe. The old adobe

trading post was also built about the same time. These with other buildings will be remembered by pioneers who crossed the plains during these years and later.

I crossed the Laramie River on a foot bridge and wandered back several miles along the old trail, climbing the pine sprinkled bluff that overlooks the whole scene that the pioneers saw as they approached the fort from the hills. There were two trails—one along the river and one higher up through the bluffs; they came together just before reaching fort Laramie and crossed that river.

But I began to get hungry, and thoughts of the Sunday School picnic came very vividly to my mind, so I retraced my way along the worn wagon trail to the Fort, this time going to the home of Joe Wilde to whom I had previously been directed for stories about the place.

When I told Mr. Wilde that I was from Salt Lake he grabbed me by the hand and said, "Come right in!"

I followed him into the parlor of his big barrack home. He owns most of the land about the fort and lives in a house once used for the soldiers.

"Do you know," he said, "one of the



"BEDLAM," OFFICERS' QUARTERS, OLD FORT LARAMIE

Laramie peak stood in the dim purple distance. The Platte wound its way among the cottonwoods. The Laramie came rippling down over its gravelly bed to join it.

Across the river two big blue herons were wading and fishing. They took flight as I approached and winged themselves slowly away to safety. In the thicket over the stream old "Bob White" was calling his name very clearly. I whistled back, and the quail kept answering me. The morning was quiet and cool—just right for musing over old scenes and the stories I had heard the pioneers tell.

sons of Brigham Young and his wife came here about two years ago, and I had a mighty good time visiting with them. Let's see, what was his first name? It's slipped my mind, but I wrote it in my diary, and I have a letter he sent me with some pictures he took while he was here." He began to look around for the letters, chatting all the while and answering my questions about the fort. In the midst of it dinner was called and nothing would do but I must eat with them. A crowd of Sunday School people were also brought in and seated around the big table. Mr. Wilde

kept every one happy with his jokes while the meal was enjoyed.

After it was over we went back to the parlor and spent an hour or more chatting over the old times.

"Yes, I've been here for a long time," he said, "and I've lived through a little of the old fort's history. It's pretty peaceful now, but there have been some exciting times around here. I was chased once by a bunch of Indians from down in those pine-covered hills until I fell exhausted and the soldiers gathered me in. The redskins killed the two men who were with me. We were out prospecting to get wood to fill a contract we had made with the government to supply the fort. I saw them scalp my companions, and they nearly got me. There's a memento in my leg there just above the ankle of another scrap we had with them. You can feel the bullet there yet. They besieged us three days that time before reinforcements came."

"Did you ever hear the story," he went on, "of how an old lame cow

caused a massacre?" I was very much interested as he told the story.

"It happened in August, 1854. A train of Mormon emigrants was making its way west. Trailing along behind, the wagons there was a boy driving a lame cow.

"The Indians had gathered to get their gifts from the government to pay for the use of the emigrant trail. Some wild young bucks among them in a kind of spirit of mischief went whooping out, rounded up the old cow, drove her to camp and killed her. When the train reached Fort Laramie, the captain of it reported to the commander what the Indians had done, and he ordered Lieutenant Grat-tan to go down and straighten the matter up with the Indians. The soldiers probably took time to load themselves with whiskey at a log saloon just a little way down from the fort. Anyway, they didn't use much sense in handling the Indians. The lieutenant went up to the old chief—"The Bear," as he was called—and demanded that the Indians who stole the



General view of scene of Fort Laramie, looking West. Platte and Laramie Rivers join at this point. (1) Site of Trappers Fort, 1834-1849. (2) Site of Military Post, 1849-1889.

cow be delivered over to the soldiers. The chief objected. It was not a serious enough offense for that, he thought.

"His refusal made Grattan angry, and he ordered the Chief to obey or he would fire. The Indian looked at him in astonishment.

"Would you kill my people for such a thing as that? You must be crazy." With some such remark the old warrior turned and went into his wigwam.

"Grattan carried out his threat. He gave the command to his men to fire. The Bear and several of his braves were killed. But half an hour later every soldier in the command was massacred but one. The frenzied Indians surrounded and slaughtered the foolhardy lieutenant and his men. Only one wounded soldier was left to tell the tale. He seems to have been protected by a squaw who was infatuated with him. In some way she saved and hid him under some robes until the battle was over; but he lived only long enough to tell the story.

"When the soldiers did not return as expected to the fort, the rest of the command was rushed to the scene, but the Indians had fled. Some of them circled through the hills and made an attack on the fort while the soldiers were away. An old sergeant saw them coming and armed the few men left and the women to help him defend the place. He took his post at an old cannon that was used as a signal gun, and fired it as the Indians came up. This seemed to scare and hold them in check, and the noise of it brought back the soldiers that had left the fort.

"The massacred troopers were buried all in one grave," said Mr. Wilde. "A few years ago when Lieutenant Nickerson came with orders from the government to collect the bodies and take them to Fort McPherson, I helped him dig up the bones of

these. Some of them had arrow heads in them and some skulls showed that they had been struck with tomahawks. We put the skeletons together as best we could, but I guess some of them will get badly mixed on the morning of the Resurrection."

"Now when you get to Salt Lake," he said, changing the subject, "I want you to hunt up Mr. Young and his wife and give them my regards."

I promised that I would; then we walked out and I took a picture of him by the old trading post and after expressing my appreciation for all his goodness, I left for the Sunday School convention.

In cottonwood grove, just under the low hill where the old ruined barracks stand, the Sunday School teachers and children had gathered. They were singing when I came up. I joined in the song. Several leaders were called on to speak and afterwards they asked me to say a word of greeting from Utah. It was a pleasure to pass on a little of gospel cheer to these kindly hearted folk who are trying to find the light out in the wilderness. They seemed to appreciate it.

After the Convention was over I was taken to the station in an automobile, and that night I followed the old trail back down through Scotts Bluffs to Bridgeport.

This country is now thriving. The North Platte River is being turned out through great canals built by the government to water the plains. Sugar factories are springing up; cities are growing rapidly; electric lights are flashing, and trains and automobiles are whizzing back and forth along the roads that were once followed by the weary-footed men and women with their ox teams and hand carts up the Platte to old Fort Laramie.

Beauty Spots of the Inter-Mountain West

By Claude T. Barnes, Co-author "*Western Natural Resources*"

VIII.

THE TETON MOUNTAINS

Slowly the darkness of night brightened into neutral gray; and in the East the mellow glow of the morning star appeared. Then pallid, vivacious tints illuminated the dim horizon, which even in the half light promised outlines of the most wondrous character; and, as the first beams of the rising sun shot across the valley, I beheld in all their glory that strange and inspiring group of mountains, the lofty Tetons. Instantly the steepness, the height and the bareness of the central peak suggested a mighty cathedral spire with lesser steeples adjoining; and even the clouds hung about it as if the seraphic drapery of some divinity.

"Cloud-draped they stand in misty splendor there—

Not beautiful, yet still divinely fair;
By nature's God to them the task is given

From nether vales to point the way to heaven."

—J. G. Weaver.

Onward I sped, but ever the Grand Teton stood, a sentinel on the horizon. Mile after mile I traveled until intervening ranges obscured my view; and then as some high plateau was traversed I could, upon looking back occasionally, catch a glimpse again of that magnificent spire. When a hundred miles away it still could be seen, fully explaining why a century ago it had been the guide of scores of trappers dispersed over a vast, wild region.

The Tetons are three grand steeples in that mountainous spur just South of Yellowstone Park, which separates the Jackson Hole country of Wyoming from Teton Valley of Idaho.

The Snake river meanders at their base, forming a crystalline lake of surpassing beauty and a canyon of inspiring height and grandeur. The central peak, the Grand Teton, 13,800 feet high, is not only loftier than its two neighbors but incredibly acute in form. Other mountains not far away rise higher but it alone is so steep that the snow slips down its side leaving ever a bare joint of rock in the clouds.

The western slope of the Grand Teton is so steep that man has never scaled it; but the Eastern side is not insurmountable. It is said that Langford and Stevens of the United States Geological Survey reached the top of the Teton in 1884; but if so, they left no trace of their achievement. There is no doubt, however, that the top of the central peak was reached in 1896 by a party consisting of the late Bishop Spaulding of the Episcopal diocese of Utah, William Owens, a civil engineer of Wyoming, Frank Peterson, a Scandinavian hunter and trapper, and John Shive, a hardy frontiersman and cavalryman. They set out from Jackson, Wyoming, camped over night in the timber, traversed an eighteen inch ledge overlooking a three thousand foot precipice, and finally, by crawling on their hands and knees, reached the top, which is a mere table fourteen by twenty-seven feet in size.

They built on the top a monument of stones and placed thereon a metal flag of the Rocky Mountain Club. For two hundred miles in every direction the panorama was wondrously clear and beautiful; and it was Bishop Spaulding's opinion (himself an accomplished Alpine climber) that the Alps possessed no scene more magnificent and more difficult of attainment.

They descended and next day re-

peated their exploit thus proving to the world that the Grand Teton can be ascended.

The Teton mountains appear frequently in the histories of the Hudson Bay Fur Company and of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. The tall, sharp peak guided the trappers to their rendezvous, which was situated where the present city of Driggs, Idaho, stands. There occurred bloody encounters with the Indians in one of which Captain Bonnevill's company participated.

The name "Teton" variously written "Teton," "Titon," or "Titowan,"

meaning "prairie dwellers" refers to a division of the Sioux tribe, who after the killing of one of their number by a member of the Lewis and Clark expedition were for years blood thirsty in their revenge upon the white trappers and frontiersmen.

As one gazes upon the lofty Tetons feeling the inevitable inspiration that their heaven-pointing spires invoke, he feels that too poorly do we appreciate the power of our natural environs to arouse in the dormant breast a sense of the nearness, the omnipotence, and the wisdom of the Divine Power.



EVERY time you buy something made in Utah, you encourage your storekeeper to increase his next order for Utah goods; that means a bigger output at the factory—it may mean more factories; and more factories mean more employment to men and women, boys and girls—and that all means greater prosperity.

All Utah is Ready for Utah Products Week

By A. C. Rees, Executive Secretary Manufacturers' Association of Utah.

About the first thing the pioneers did when they arrived in this wilderness was to produce something; they were determined to be self-supporting, independent as far as possible from the people who lived far away to the East. That is why the spinning wheel was at once set in motion, molasses mills built, paper mills erected; and the everlasting "homespun" produced from the raw materials. The boys and girls who read the *Juvenile Instructor* know that the pioneers were hundreds of miles away from their nearest white neighbors; there were no railroad trains, no telephones, no quick way of obtaining news or goods—it was the slow ox-team method that was the quickest means of communication and transportation.

Perhaps it was a blessing for us who came later that the pioneers were so far away from stores and factories and mills. They were compelled to use the things around them, to produce finished goods from raw products. As a result, the people of Utah have learned the lesson well to "buy home-made goods." There is probably no state in the Union that is more loyal in this respect. But let us look around us and see the wonderful advantages which Utah has that should make of it one of the greatest manufacturing states in America. Our rich harvests of grain make it possible for us to produce the sweetest, best flavored breakfast foods in the world; the Utah sun and the loamy Utah soil, produce tomatoes, peaches and apri-

cots that are preferred above all others. That is why we have so many big canneries, especially in Weber, Morgan, Davis, Box Elder, and Utah counties.

Did you know that right here in Utah is located the biggest pea cannery in all the world? Yes, at Morgan. Vast fields of peas are harvested, hauled to the cannery where they are prepared for shipment to all parts of the country.

It was about twenty-seven years ago, that a few brave men conceived the idea of planting beets with a view of making sugar. They built a factory at Lehi. You all know what the sugar industry has meant to Utah; how many, many millions of dollars it has brought into Utah homes; how much more valuable the land has become; and what a name it has given to Utah. Then again, on Utah's hills and in our meadows roam the finest beef cattle to be found anywhere. That has induced big packing plants to be established here both in Salt Lake and Ogden. Here hams and bacon and canned meats are prepared. And there are none better. We could go on talking about the hundreds of other things produced in Utah, all giving employment to Utah men and women, boys and girls, making prosperous, happy homes and building up the State.

In a few days you will see in your daily newspaper the names of all Utah Products. Of course your eyes will open in amazement at the great

number of useful and ornamental things that come from this State. Furthermore, you will read a great deal in the papers about Utah Products Week which comes November 11-17. Your school teachers will give you some very interesting facts about Utah-made goods. In your Sunday School you will hear what the factories of Utah are doing. After hearing all these things you will ask yourself, "What can I do?" Here is the answer. Take the list of Utah-made goods from the newspaper that comes to your home about November 10 or 11, have your papa or mama put a mark opposite the Utah-made goods that you will want in your home during the following week. Then see to it that the purchases are really made. At the end of the week write the list of the Utah-made goods purchased by members of your family, send the list to the Secretary of the Manufacturers' Association of Utah, 1014 Kearns building, and your name will be entered among the contestants to receive valuable prizes, to be announced later. Those whose lists are the neatest, cleanest and most attractively gotten up, will be prize winners. Think what that would mean to the mills and factories of Utah, if all the boys and girls of the State would do their bit on Utah Products Week! Here is an opportunity for readers of the *Juvenile Instructor* to show their loyalty to Utah-made goods. Will you do your part?

ASK FOR THE THINGS MADE IN UTAH.

A Pleasant Smile

The thing that goes the farthest
Towards making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most,
Is just a pleasant smile.
The smile that bubbles from a heart
That loves its fellow men,
Will drive away a clond of gloom,
And coax the sun again,—Anon.



UTAH BOYS ON THE MILITARY RESERVATION

The Utah National Guard at Fort Douglas

By Harold H. Jensen

It is said that "some have eyes and see not," but no one could help seeing and noting with satisfaction the "tent city" of the Utah National Guard (now the One Hundred Forty-fifth U. S. Field Artillery—First Utah) which was located recently on the Fort Douglas military reservation. Whether a person observed it on its high elevation from the city below or made a more rigid examination by visiting the camp, he could not but be impressed with the neatness, precision and order upon which the camp was founded. For those who failed to see it, the following items might be interesting.

On one of the gentle slopes upon the south side of the Fort proper, and under the shade of the majestic Wasatch mountains, this camp was located and laid out in true military order. The large tents, bunched cattle, and the colored khaki uniforms of "our boys" looked very much like an Arab tribe camped on an oasis. Rows of tents containing the regular military quota of furnishings, impressed the visitor that here might be found all the comforts of home (in a miniature

way) if one was not given to scrutinizing too closely. For here the boys had snug cots for sleeping (about eight men to a tent) with clean blankets, and other accessories, reminding one of a camping or outing trip, upon which one always enjoys a change from the luxurious to the primitive. Having never heard anyone complain of an "outing trip," surely "the boys" cannot and would not complain of this their "patriotic trip," which has taught them more, both physically and mentally than any previous trip for pleasure they have ever taken.

To the north and east of the camp lay the parade and drill ground. Here the usual routine of army life was followed. The artillery wagons and horses were kept at the State Fair grounds, but taken to the camp for drill purposes. These horses were not "scrubs," as some may have imagined, but a "picked bunch," with some "thoroughbreds," for that is the only kind Uncle Sam can rely on. The same is true of the men, every man is a "thoroughbred," eager and anxious to do his part.

The mess tents or kitchens presided over by cooks (who knew their business) was another part that interested the visitor. For this pure valley air would give anyone a hearty appetite.

The boys studied sanitation before the camp was broken up under the direction of Capt. Christophersen. This surely would qualify some for life's future kitchen, should the gentle wife want a holiday. "So, girls, Uncle Sam is training the boys for you." The sanitation in camp could not have been better. The water they drank was frequently inspected. It was just as good as the water at home and probably more appreciated, for the boys helped to prepare the water system for the camp, which meant "a good sweat under Old Sol's rays," and you know what is earned is most appreciated.

Their camp life was "not all work and no play." Athletic contests were held, a football and baseball team organized. A special organ recital in the Tabernacle, a picture show at the Salt Lake Theatre (where they saw what fighting in France looked like) and a special concert by Utah's nightingale, Emma Lucy Gates, were only a few of "their special treats." Their own band (under the leadership of Clarence Hawkins) held concerts, a glee club and quartets were organized, and even a moving picture show was held at camp. The long hikes, so essential in keeping the men in physical condition, were made doubly interesting by lectures on Utah's history, especially was this the case when they were on the actual ground in Emigration Canyon, and Chaplain B. H. Roberts was the spokesman.

The remark was made by an officer that "the Mormon boys" had proven equal (in quickness to learn) to the best of Uncle Sam's large and increasing family. Each man realized that he must play a part in the great world war, and that the only way to help win the victory was to *prepare himself*. They entered their work with commendable zeal, and complaints

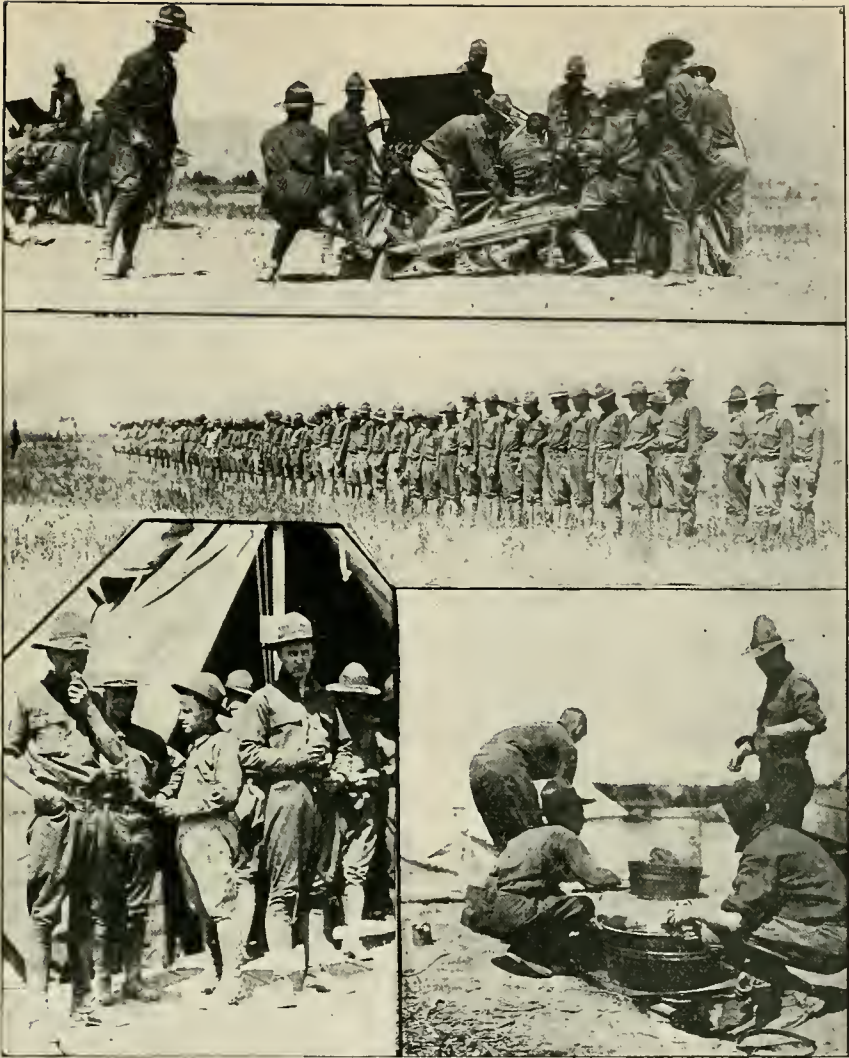
seemed to be few. Many who had been used to driving automobiles were taught to drive and ride bronchos, and even though blistered hands, upsets, sprains, were part of their experience, they kept at it with tenacity and said "Conquer we will!"

To look at the faces of the boys and men who composed this camp was indeed a study in personality. There were red-faced farmers and pale-faced city youths (who rapidly turned to a delicate shade of tan). There were officers with actual service as a recommendation—all trying and anxious to "do their bit for Sammy." It may be a consolation to some parents to know that sons who had been beyond control at home are now "meek as lambs" and jump at the commands of officers in charge, without any "back talk," sarcasm or criticism. And the boys who have not known the meaning of real manual labor before, now equal the best of soldiers, each being anxious and willing to do his part, whether it be digging, dish washing, guard walking, etc.—and they are doing it well.

Anxious mothers prone to worry about their sons, will be glad to know that their evenings are usually spent in studying the "Manual," and when they left camp they went with the right kind of men as leaders, for they realize "environment" plays a great part in the shaping of their lives.

It is said that Utah National Guard is composed of two-thirds "Mormon" boys, many of whom have attended and taught Sunday Schools, nearly all their lives, and have been taught what is right and what is wrong. There are also many returned missionaries in the National Guard and the probability is that Sunday Schools will be organized in camp.

This historic camp was broken up October 11, and a scene that will long be remembered by those who witnessed it, was enacted when towards noon the company marched through Fort Douglas, where they were given a "royal send-off" by the



CAMP LIFE AT FORT DOUGLAS

troops stationed there standing at attention. The afternoon was given the boys to say good-bye. At 7 p. m. a supper was served them by the Red Cross workers at the City and County building. From there, at about 9 p.m., the troops marched to the Union Depot, where about 25,000 people waited to wish them "God speed."

Four trains with Pullman coaches were required to transport the 1,300 men, under command of Col. Richard W. Young.

To many the departure of the troops recalled the memorable day of May 20, 1898, when the famous

Utah Light Artillery (the parent organization) entrained for the Philippines, and one was forcibly reminded of a somewhat similar circumstance when our "Mormon Battalion" boys, in 1846, so bravely responded to Uncle Sam's call, leaving dear ones and all in the wilderness and going overland to near the same place to which our boys now have gone (San Diego), where they established a record and set an example that will never be forgotten. May "our boys" emulate the example set by the members of the "Mormon Battalion."



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SALT LAKE CITY, NOVEMBER, 1917

Faith—a Principle of Power*

By Elder Orson F. Whitney

I have long been an ardent admirer of this splendid organization, the Deseret Sunday School Union, a product of the faith of God's people; but I think this is the first time that I have ever had the honor to address the general Sunday School confer-

ence. Who could doubt the divine genius that called into existence such an institution as this when he surveys such a splendid congregation, and realizes what a wonderful work it represents.

Faith is indeed a principle of power, and is so proclaimed to be in the inspired declarations of men of God in all ages. And yet there are some people who despise faith, or affect to do so. I bear in mind the example of a gentleman, a Christian minister, who once resided in Salt Lake City, and with whom I had a conversation on the subject of faith. He said, "This faith that you speak of is a contemptible quality; it means mere credulity, a willingness to believe anything, any hodgepodge story that might be presented, the more marvelous the better, or the worse. There is nothing admirable in it; it is simply contemptible." Yet I heard that same man stand here in the Tabernacle, at the opening of a meeting, where a famous educator was about to speak, and he had the audacity to thank God for faith; showing that he was inconsistent and at one time or the other insincere. I said to him in reply when he made this observation that faith was a "contemptible quality," that if faith is a principle of power it is not a mere willingness to believe. If one has faith enough, we have the word of the Savior himself, "he could say to this mountain, be thou removed, and cast into the depths of the sea, and it would obey." "Oh," said he, "it takes picks and shovels to move mountains." "Granted," I said, "if you haven't got faith enough to move them in any other way. But what about the faith

*Remarks made at the Conference of the Deseret Sunday School Union, in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, October 7, 1917.

necessary to handle the pick and shovel?" There never was a shovel-ful of earth lifted but it was due to the exercise of faith, for it is the main-spring of all action. It is the power by which we live, move and have our being. It is the power "by which the worlds were made," and by which they are upheld, and redeemed and glorified. All the wondrous works of God and of man, even of men who do not believe in God, are the result of faith, for they have to believe before they can do them.

The author of the Epistle to the Hebrews says: "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." The Prophet Joseph Smith found fault with this utterance, that is, with one word of it. He said that the word "substance" should have been translated "assurance." For if we have the substance of a thing we have the thing itself, and faith is not the substance of things hoped for, for we do not hope for something that we already have, and the substance of a thing is the thing itself. But he substituted, when he revised the Hebrew scriptures, the word "assurance," so that it now reads, more reasonably and more clearly: Faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

A Sunday School teacher, a young lady, was endeavoring to impress upon her class the principle of faith. She quoted the passage from Hebrews, and then proceeded to use an original illustration. There was a river flowing by, and on this river was a steamboat, and she called the attention of the children to the river, saying: "You see that river out yonder?" Yes, they all saw the river. "And do you see that steamboat on the river?" Yes, they all saw the steamboat. "Now," said she, "children, if there was a leg of mutton on that steamboat, and I just felt sure it was there, but had never seen it, that would be faith." On the

next Sabbath, when she asked the class in review what faith is, they all threw up their hands and shouted, "Faith is a leg of mutton on a steamboat." She had missed her point. How necessary it is that the point of contact should be reached between the teacher and the pupil. The greatest secret of pedagogy, in the beginning, is to find out how much the child already knows and to build from that point, called the point of contact. She had missed it; she had not made her meaning plain. I wonder if I can make my meaning plain if I try to use an illustration.

In the Doctrine and Covenants, you find in the opening pages a number of lectures on faith. These lectures originated in the School of the Prophets, at Kirtland, Ohio, where the Church once had its headquarters, and which town happens to be the birthplace of my father, and the place where the Whitneys came into the Church. The Prophet Joseph established this school in Kirtland for the purpose of equipping the elders, including the apostles, to go forth and preach the gospel, the principles of faith, repentance, baptism, etc. It was the custom to take one subject, such as faith, and have a number of speakers dwell upon it just as we are doing tonight, and they would quote from the Bible and the Book of Mormon and the Doctrine and Covenants, and bring to bear upon the theme all the passages of holy writ that they could find, and all manner of illustration besides. And on one occasion, when the principle of faith was the theme under discussion, the Prophet Joseph Smith asked my grandfather, Heber C. Kimball, my mother's father, to address the elders assembled upon this theme. Elder Kimball, who was then one of the Twelve, was simply nonplussed, for quite a number of speakers had spoken and all the passages of scripture bearing upon the subject of faith had been used, and he felt as if he hadn't got a leg to stand on, and he didn't know

what to say; but he happened to think of a little incident that had occurred in his own household, and he related that, just as I have heard my mother relate it many times. It was this: "One day," he said, "my wife was going out for a visit, and she said to my little daughter Helen (my mother): 'Don't play with the dishes, Helen, because if you should break one, I would have to punish you, and I don't want to do that.' And having laid that injunction upon her, she departed. No sooner was she gone, than the little girl was seized with an unconquerable desire to play with those dishes." It is always so. You make the sugar much sweeter when you tell the little boy not to touch it. We might never have been here if Adam and Eve had not been told "Thou shalt not." "And she played with the dishes, and let the table leaf fall, and broke, not one of them, but half a dozen." And that was a serious loss in a "Mormon" household at that time. "And she was terrified." "Why? because her mother was a woman who kept her word; if she promised a gift she gave it; if she threatened a punishment, the punishment followed the commission of the offense, and the little girl knew that she was "up against it," "in for it," as the boys say. But she happened to think she had a Father in heaven, and she had been taught to pray, and had been told that her Father in heaven was willing to hear the prayer of a little child; that He clothes the lilies of the field with glory greater than that of Solomon; that He notes the sparrow's fall; that He hears the young ravens when they cry, and there is nothing so small that escapes His notice. And she believed that if she asked her Father in heaven to soften her mother's heart that He would do so. And she went down into the bottom of the orchard, and bowed down under an apple tree, and she prayed to that God who hears and answers the prayers of little children, and asked Him in implicit

trust to soften her mother's heart so that she might not whip her. And she arose, as she often told me, and she said, 'my heart was full of sunshine; I had perfect confidence that I would not get the whipping. I knew that the Lord had heard me in my humble prayer, for I had repented of my sin, and had asked to be forgiven, and I had asked that mercy might follow.' Well, her mother came back, and she was very angry to find that her daughter had disobeyed her, and she took her into an adjoining room for the purpose of administering the threatened punishment. But she could not lift her hand. Her heart was so softened that she was powerless. She could not whip the child. And afterwards the little girl told her why: because the Lord had softened her in answer to prayer."

Heber C. Kimball related that incident to the School of the Prophets, and when he concluded there was not a dry eye in the house. The Prophet Joseph sat there weeping like a child.

And when he could command utterance, he arose and said: "Brethren, if I should talk to you all night, I could not make the subject of faith plainer than Brother Kimball has in that little anecdote." This is the faith that moves mountains, the child-like, implicit trust in God that prompts one to go to Him and ask for what he or she may need or desire. This is faith as a principle of power.

My Birthright—Faith in the Gospel of Jesus Christ *

By Elder George Albert Smith

If I talk about my ancestors—and I had ancestors for whom I am grateful and of whom I am proud to speak—it is the fault of the program committee, who assigned the topic just read to you.

I am grateful for my ancestry. I

*Remarks made at Conference of the Deseret Sunday School Union, Oct. 7, 1917.

am not among those who trace it to an orangoutang or a baboon and, in the language of William J. Bryan, those who do "shall not be connected with my family tree."

I stand here tonight grateful for the faith that I have in the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, and as a believer in the scripture which says that the "sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation of those who hate me." I believe likewise the virtues of men are transmitted to their offspring, and with that feeling in my heart I naturally investigate what source I am from.

I am going to take a short time this evening to read to you a letter that was written by my great great grandfather, in the year 1799, some six years prior to the birth of the Prophet Joseph Smith. By the way, I would like to say in passing, that that man had six grandchildren on this stand during this present conference. I refer to grandchildren and great grandchildren and great great grandchildren.

"A few words of advice which I leave to you, my dear wife and children, whom I expect ere long to leave.

"My dear Selves: I know not what leisure I shall have at the hour of my death to speak unto you, and as you all know that I am not free in speech, especially when sick or dead, I therefore now speak my heart to you, and would wish you to hear me speaking to you as long as you live (when my tongue shall be molded to dust in the silent tomb) in this my writing, which I divide among you all.

"And first to you, my dear wife, I do with all the strength and power that is in me thank you for your kindness and faithfulness to me, bespeaking God who is the husband of the widow to take care of you and not to leave you nor forsake you, nor never suffer you to leave nor forsake Him nor His ways. Put your whole trust solely in Him. He never did nor never will forsake any that trust in Him. One thing, however, I would add. If you should marry again remember what I have undergone by a stepmother, and do not estrange your husband from his own children or kindred, lest you

draw on him and on yourself a great sin. So I do resign you into the everlasting arms of the great husband of husbands, the Lord Jesus Christ.

"And now, my dear children, let me pour out my heart to you and speak first to you of immortality in your souls. Trifle not in this point. The soul is immortal. You have to deal with an Infinite Majesty. You go upon life and death; therefore in this point be serious. Do all to God in a serious manner. When you think of Him, speak of Him, pray to Him, or in any way make your addresses to His Great Majesty, be in good earnest. Trifle not with His name, nor with His attributes, nor call Him to witness to anything but what is absolute truth, nor then but when sound reason or serious consideration requires it. And as to religion, I would not wish to point out any particular form to you: but first I would wish you to search the scriptures and consult sound reason, and see if they (which I take to be the two witnesses that stand by the God of the whole earth) are not sufficient to evince to you that religion is a necessary theme. Then I would wish you to study the nature of religion, and see whether it consists in outward formalities or in the hidden man of the heart; whether you can by outward forms, rites and ordinances save yourselves, or whether there is a necessity of your having help from any other hand than your own. If you find that you stand in need of a Savior, Christ saith, 'Look unto me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth.' Then look to Him, and if you find from scripture and sound reason that Christ hath come into the world to save sinners, then examine what it was that caused Him to leave the centre of consummate happiness to suffer as He did; whether it was to save mankind because they were sinners and could not save themselves, or whether He came to save mankind because they had repented of their sins, so as to be forgiven on the score of their repentance. If you find that He came to save sinners merely because they were such, then try if there is any one so great that He cannot save him. But mind that you admit no others to evidences but the two that God hath appointed, viz., scripture and sound reason; and if these two witness that you are one whit better by nature than the worst heathen in the darkest corner of the desert of Arabia, then conclude that God hath been partial towards you and hath furnished you with a better nature than others, and that consequently He is not just to mankind. But if these two witnesses testify to you that God is just to all, and His tender mercies are over

all His works, then believe them; and if you can believe that Christ came to save sinners, and not the righteous Pharisees, or self-righteous ones, that sinners must be saved by righteousness even the righteousness of Christ alone, without mixing any of their own righteousness with His, then you will see that He can as well save all as any, and there is no respect of persons with God, who will have all mankind to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth, viz., that there is one God, and one Mediator between God and man, to be testified to in due time. And when you believe this, you will enter into His rest, and when you enter into His rest you will know what that rest is, and not before. And having gotten this evidence that God is true, be still adding to your evidence and enjoy your present assurance. Do all to God as to your father, for His love is ten thousand times greater towards you than ever your earthly father's could be to his offspring.

"In the next place, strive for these graces most which concern your places and conditions, and strive most against those failings which most threaten you. But above everything, avoid a melancholy disposition, that is, a humor that admits of any temptation and is capable of any impression and distemper. Shun as death this humor, which will work into all unthankfulness against God, unlovingness to man, and unnaturalness to yourselves and one another.

"Do not talk and make a noise to get the name of forward men, but do the thing, and do it in a way that is fair and honest, which you can live and die by, and rise and reign by. Therefore, my children, do more than you talk of in point of religion. Satisfy your conscience in what you do. All men you shall never satisfy; nay, some will not be satisfied though they be convinced.

"As for your callings, any honest calling will honor you, if you honor that. It is better to be a rich cobbler than a poor merchant, a rich farmer than a poor preacher; and never be discouraged, though sometimes your schemes should not succeed according to your wishes. Persevere in the way of well-doing, and you may hope for success. For myself, I (who had never your parts nor helps) never found anything too hard for me in my calling, but discouragement and unbelief. If I was discouraged and didn't believe I could do a thing, I never could. Therefore, when you think anything is too hard for you, do not undertake it.

"As to your company, abandon all infectious, flattering, self-serving companions. When once you have found

them false, trust them no more. Sort with such as are able to do or receive good. Solomon gives you the best counsel for this in many places. Read the proverbs and remember him in this. For-sake not an old friend. Be friendly and faithful to your friends. Never trouble nor trust friends, unless there is a necessity. And lastly be long in closing with friends, and loth to lose them upon experience of them.

"As to your marriages, I do not think it worth while to say much about them; for I believe God has created the persons for each other, and that nature will find its own. But for your children, make it your chiefest work to bring them up in the ways of virtue, that they may be useful in their generation. Give them if possible a good education. If nature hath made no differences, do you make none in your affections, countenances nor portions. Partiality this way begets envy, hatred, strife and contention.

"And as for yourselves within yourselves, my desires have been to carry an even hand towards you all, and I have labored to reduce you as near as I could (all circumstances considered) to an equality, and therefore, my last request and charge is that you will live together in an undivided bond of love. You are many of you, and if you join together as one man you need not want for anything. What counsel, what comfort, what money, what friends may you not help yourselves unto, if you will all as one contribute your aids. Therefore, my dear children, I pray, beseech and adjure you by all the relations and dearness that have ever been between us, and by the heart-rending pangs of a dying father whose soul hath been ever bound in the bundle of life with yours, that you know one another, visit (as you may) each other, comfort, counsel, relieve, succor, help and admonish one another; and while your mother lives, meet her (if possible) once each year. When she is dead, pitch on some other place, if it may be your brother's house; or, if you cannot meet, send to and hear from each other yearly, and oftener if you can. And when you have neither father nor mother left, be so many fathers and mothers to each other. So you shall understand the blessings mentioned in the 133rd Psalm.

"As to your estates, be not troubled that you are below your kindred. Get more wisdom, humility and virtue, and you are above them. Only do this, first, deal with your hearts to make them less; begin low, join together to help one another, and rest upon the promises, which are many and precious, this way. Love mercy, and have mercy on yourselves,

and on one another, and I know, *I know*, I say, and am confident in it, that if you will trust God in His own way He will make comfortable provisions for you. Make no more objections, but trust Him.

"For the public: Bless God that you live in a land of liberty, and bear yourselves dutifully and conscientiously toward the authority under which you live. See God's evidence in the improvement of the federal constitution, and hold union and order as a precious jewel. And for the Church of Christ, neither set her above her husband nor below her children. Give her that honor, obedience and respect that is her due; and if you will be my children and heirs of my comfort in my dying age, be neither another's nor faction of any party or faction or novelty. It is true, this is not a rising way, but it is a free, fair, comfortable way for a man to follow his own judgment without wavering to either hand. I make no doubt but you will hear diverse opinions concerning me, both before and after I shall sleep in silence; but do not be troubled at that. I did what in my circumstances seemed best for me for the present. However, the event hath not in some points answered my expectation; yet I have learned to measure things by another rule than events, and satisfy myself in this that I did all for the best, as I thought; and if I had not so much foresight as some others, I cannot help it. Sure I am that my Savior Christ is perfect, and never will fail in one circumstance. To him I commit your souls, bodies, estates, names, characters, lives, deaths and all; and myself waiting when He shall change my vile body and make it like His own glorious body, and wish to leave you everything that I have in this world but my faults, and them I take with me to the grave, there to be buried in everlasting oblivion, but leaving my virtues, if ever I had any, to revive and live in you. Amen. So come, Lord Jesus; come quickly. Amen.

"The above was written April 10th, 1799, and left for my dear beloved wife and children to view after my decease.

(Signed) "ASAEL SMITH."

I contend that for the time that that was written, it evinces an understanding of the purposes of God to the children of men. I contend it evinces that that good man had an abiding faith in our Father in heaven and in the divine mission of Jesus Christ. He comprehended the purpose of the creation of this planet enough to look forward

to the time when he would be raised from the dead and exalted and enjoy the blessing and companionship of his risen Redeemer. That, in brief, is the story I have to tell of Asael Smith, the grandfather of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and my great great grandfather. Fortunately for him, his life was spared, and he lived upon the earth until the Book of Mormon was published, and that was taken to him and read to him by Judge Elias Smith, and he became a member of the Church, following his grandson into the fold of Christ.

My great grandfather, John Smith, lived in Potsdam. He believed in Jesus Christ as he had been taught to do by this splendid type of American citizenship. He believed in God and in the destiny of the human family; and when the Prophet Joseph Smith announced that he had received a glorious manifestation, my grandfather accepted him as his leader, although he was at that time a much older man. He came to the gathering place of the Saints. He was one of the pioneers to enter Great Salt Lake valley, walking and driving an ox team across the plains, and he was the first president of the Salt Lake Stake of Zion, and he was president here before there was a stake of Zion. He was the third patriarch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

My grandfather, George A. Smith, inherited from his father an abiding faith in God. Equipped as he was for a struggling life, having a learning in the law, he was willing to go to his cousin, and relieve him what he could of his burden, and to follow wherever the Lord would have him go. And when the time came that the Prophet and Patriarch sealed their testimony with their blood, those progenitors of mine turned their backs upon Nauvoo, and turned their faces westward; and crossing the trackless plains and mountains a thousand miles, made their home in the valley of the great dead sea. My father was born on the

way; in a wagon, in the willows, on the Missouri river he first saw the light. His mother had been willing, as the wives of those great men were, to take her chance with the Church and kingdom of God. Taught by a patient mother, he was reared in the nurture and admonition of God the eternal Father. Faith was implanted in his heart by the teachings of his childhood, and he received his instructions from those who were ordained of our Father direct, and he sat at the feet of such men as Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, his own father and others, whom I will not take time to mention. He knew there was no doubt in his mind, and he was willing to lay down his life, if need be, in the interest of this cause.

Pasing down this ancestry, I would not pass my dear mother, one of the dearest women God ever gave breath to. My parents began life under a mud roof with a dirt floor. They looked steadily to the front, and when their children began to come (and I was the second child in our home) my mother taught me to pray at her bended knee, and among my first memories of this life, almost, and that I most treasure, are of how I was tucked in bed by her loving hands, with her kiss of good night and God bless you.

Could I have anything less in my soul, understanding and appreciating my ancestry, my birthright, if you please, than faith in the Lord Jesus Christ? Every fiber of my being vibrates with a knowledge that it is our Father's work. When I see these splendid young men and young women in this congregation tonight, I realize the power that is in them for good, I comprehend the ability they have to spread this knowledge to all the world;

and my heart overflows with gratitude to God that so many of them have an ancestry like unto mine.

The blessings of the fathers are transmitted to their offspring, and I stand here a firm believer that I have inherited, to a very large degree, a sure knowledge and abiding faith in the divine mission of Jesus Christ and of the Prophet Joseph Smith, His mouthpiece in this latter day. I stand here also to state that I have a testimony that those who have followed him as the presidents of this Church have been inspired of God, and have been recognized of Him as His servants.

In conclusion, let each of us, appreciating what we have, comparing it with the best there is in the world and finding it greater than all other things, let us as boys and girls in Israel not be idle and careless and turn our back upon our opportunities, but with a faith in God, an assurance that comes from right living, let us set to the world an example that shall preach a sermon that will find men and women everywhere and bring them into the fold of Christ. My heritage that I claim from my ancestors I am proud and thankful for, thankful to my Heavenly Father that I was permitted to come through such a lineage.

May the Lord bless us all and help us to be worthy descendants of great and noble fathers and mothers, and by and by when we shall be called home to meet the Father of us all on the other side of the veil, that He may rejoice to see us coming, because we have exemplified in our lives a faith in Him and a knowledge that He is our God. May the Lord add His blessing is my prayer in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

"Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."—
Ex. 20:12.

By Franklin S. Richards

THE EUROPEAN WAR

The British troops are continuing their drives on the west front with telling effect. They have made considerable advance with comparatively small loss, while the German loss has been very heavy, reaching as high as 1200 men killed per day. The Allies are making almost superhuman efforts to cut the Germans off from their submarine base on the North Sea, while the latter are massing large bodies of troops in order to prevent the possibility of such a disaster.

It is said that in the recent drives, the British commander has proved that "the new system of pill-box, shell-crater, and barbed-wire defense is as vain a thing for German safety as the elaborately constructed trench lines which have been plowed flat by Allied artillery. And while the British drives really drive, the German counter-attacks seem to get nowhere." For the rest of this year's campaign, if we are to believe the press correspondents, the Allies intend to carry on the policy of attrition. The British admiralty reports show a greatly decreasing toll of U-boat sinkings, and the German hope of reducing England on the seas while holding out on land seems to Allied writers to be fast dwindling.

The heavy rains in Belgium have greatly increased the difficulties of warfare on both sides, and with the approach of winter, it is predicted that more strenuous efforts will be made by Germany to negotiate for peace before the opening of the spring campaign, in which a large American army is expected to take part, but while the Central powers seem anxious for peace, the people of England and France think that the war must be continued until the Allies are decisively victorious, in order to insure a permanent peace.

It is the verdict of the world's press that the Pope has failed in his efforts to bring about peace, and not only that, but both sides are agreed that peace is no nearer than before. This is particularly evident in the comments of both the Teutonic and Allied press on the Austrian and German replies to the Pope's offer. For example, the German papers say that the Pope's proposals "have not brought us one day nearer peace," but they are careful to observe that the "fault" does not lie with Germany.

A prominent German scientist in Sweden on official business, is reported in a Swedish newspaper as saying that "the discord among the German people is increasing week by week. It is more irreconcilable in its principles and more resentful in its acrimony than at any time before the war—even if it is somewhat less noisy."

UTAH SOLDIERS AT LINDA VISTA

After several postponements, Col. Young's regiment (145th U. S.) has departed for Linda Vista. The boys left on the night of October 10th, after receiving an ovation from more than 25,000 Salt Lakers, who cheered them on their line of march from the City and County Building to the Oregon Short Line Depot. The boys broke camp early in the day, and after paying their respects to the commanding officer at Fort Douglas, marched down to the city where they were disbanded. At 7 o'clock in the evening they were served with a bountiful lunch at the City and County Building by the Red Cross nurses.

The excellent marching and soldierly bearing of the troops elicited many complimentary remarks, and the demonstration of their friends was enthusiastic. Both smiles and tears were seen on the faces of those who witnessed the parade, and, down deep

in every heart, there was an earnest desire that every one of the boys might return in safety. Not a single feeling of apprehension or doubt was entertained by anyone that they would perform their duty faithfully and win laurels for themselves, as well as for their State and Nation.

The love of the people for their soldier boys is very great, and they are proud to know that they are being represented in the world war by such a stalwart and worthy contingent. Thousands of prayers will constantly be offered up that they may not only be preserved from harm, but inspired with the courage and wisdom and strength that may be necessary to enable them to perform their arduous duties faithfully and well.

CHARGES OF DISLOYALTY AND TREASON

The press of the country has been greatly aroused by the public utterances of prominent men whose ideas concerning the war do not accord with those of the President and leaders of the nation. Among these, Senator La Follette of Wisconsin has become most conspicuous, although Senators Stone of Missouri and Gronna of North Dakota have been classified with him. In a recent speech, while referring to the *Lusitania*, Senator La Follette is reported to have criticized the war policy of the government and said he "was not in favor of beginning the war on grievances which were insignificant." The newspapers immediately denounced the Senator and declared his utterances "disloyal and treasonable." In a public speech, Col. Roosevelt said:

"Senator La Follette is at this moment loyally and efficiently serving one country—Germany. He is acting in such fashion as to make him one of the most potent enemies of this country and a most sinister enemy of democracy. He claims, and it is the emptiest claim, to stand for democracy. He is doing everything in his power to enthrone autocracy under

the German flag throughout the world by the attitude he is now taking toward the war. He is showing himself the worst enemy that democracy has now alive."

Later, the Colonel expressed "regret that it was impossible to send La Follette to the German lines," and said he wished "we could make him a gift to the Kaiser for use in his Reichstag. In the senate he is a cause for shame and humiliation to every worthy American." The assemblage before whom this speech was delivered passed a resolution condemning the Senator "for his public utterances against the government and the vigorous prosecution of this war as an unfaithful and disloyal official, unworthy longer to represent the loyal and devoted citizens of America."

Public officials and thousands of prominent citizens of Wisconsin have petitioned the United States Senate for his expulsion, and in other states public men, mass meetings and editors have joined in these denunciations. The petitions for impeachment which have been sent to the United States Senate include Senators La Follette, Stone and Gronna. Before the adjournment of the Senate, Senator La Follette made a long speech explaining and defending his course, which was replied to in scathing terms by several of his colleagues. The matter is now in the hands of the investigating committee of the Senate.

The great importance and significance of this matter can better be appreciated, in the light of recent developments concerning the German spy system that has pervaded our country, and the aid and comfort which our enemies have received from the pacifists and others in our midst, who are not in sympathy with the government in its efforts to win the war in such a way as to leave no chance for a recurrence of the terrible scenes that have disgraced some of the belligerent nations and left a blot upon the civilization of the age.

LIBERTY LOAN BONDS

A vigorous campaign is now being prosecuted for the sale of Liberty Bonds. The government asks the people for a loan of \$3,000,000,000, for which it will issue bonds bearing 4 per cent interest. Utah's quota is \$10,000,000 and a considerable part has already been subscribed. In aid of this important movement, Mr. Lane, Secretary of the Interior Department, came to our city on the 6th of October, and made a stirring appeal to the loyalty of our citizens. After paying an eloquent tribute to the pioneers for their sterling manhood and magnificent achievements, he said:

"I have seen inspiring sights before, but never before has one so touched my heart as did your magnificent military parade which I witnessed on the streets of Salt Lake tonight. Oh, how I wish President Wilson himself could have seen it.

"The one thing that struck me most forcibly in your parade was how your boys represented the true spirit of America in the fact that the millionaire's son marched side by side with the son of the farmer, all for the one cause of liberty and right. Such is the spirit of America which, if it can be extended throughout the world, will make such calamities as this war impossible in the future."

In referring to the actual preparations being made for the war, he said:

"We have a million and a half boys under camp tonight and it may surprise you to know that one-half of them are volunteers. Never was there a great war with as great a mass of people behind it, as has this war. Today, because the American people were conscious that democratic life was at stake they have come to the rescue and behind President Wilson there is a united people. We came into this war when we were satisfied that Germany was an organized ambition.

"The Germany we fight is the Ger-

many that wrote the Zimmerman note calling upon Mexico to raid our boundaries; to whisper to Japan that now was the time for her to make war on us. This Germany is represented by Count von Bernstorff, who at a time when we were at peace and sought to be neutral, telegraphed his government that he would spend \$50,000 more to influence the United States Congress. The Germany we fight is represented by the note given to the Swedish minister to deliver to Germany telling her to sink neutral ships but leave no trace; the Germany that can break her word with Belgium and with us; that makes against peace of the world; that believes she has been anointed to make subservient the people of the whole globe. That is the Germany that must be smitten; the Germany against which our arm is raised.

"When the better Germany from within breaks her bonds and asserts herself, with that Germany we can be friends and will be glad to be. This war can't brutalize us until we lose our sense of what is fit, dignified and noble."

Emphasizing the wonderful co-operative spirit of the American people, he pointed out how the great task of war preparation has thus far been successfully accomplished: "Within 90 days we have built 32 cities, containing 40,000 men each. This is another evidence of the American spirit; we know how to get together. Fifty-two thousand carloads of lumber and 82,000 carloads of other supplies, gone into the preparation of these cities, is a part of the problem we've had to face.

"Twenty-two thousand aeroplanes are going to Europe, equipped with the now famous Liberty engine. Liberty is the word stamped on everything in this great enterprise, not 'Made in Germany,' as it used to be."

Then Secretary Lane went on to show how American genius and co-operation put heads together and with

a true patriotic spirit evolved the new aeroplane engine that will make Uncle Sam's one of the greatest of flying fleets. He told how French experts said it would be next to impossible to achieve the necessary results in less than a year. With the requirements that the machine weigh only two pounds to the horsepower, and a mechanism as fine as clock work, men were assigned to the task, parts were assembled and set up, the engine was started going and it proved its capacity. Mr. Lane said this was the work of thirty days for American genius, and as evidence of similar co-operation on the sea, the speaker asserted it would not be long before the government would receive, from the shipbuilders, two 5,000-ton ships per day.

In conclusion, Secretary Lane said: "I ask you, in the name of Woodrow Wilson, to place in his hands the silver dollar which will be fashioned into a spear to smite the empire on the other side of the water."

THE HORRORS OF WAR BRING BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY

M. Jules Bois, commissary of the French government, a chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and President of the Society of Psychical Research of Paris, who recently made a visit to this country for the purpose of organizing the California Psychic Research Society, delivered an interesting speech at San Francisco, in which he said:

"From all this war suffering the belief in the immortality of the soul grows stronger among all classes of people—the faith that the dead heroes help and inspire the living.

"All are united in the spirit of a new religion—rich and poor, high and low. In the French Revolution we Frenchmen fought and died for the religion of liberty. Now we fight and die for the liberty of religion. Out there in the trenches, men who never thought of religion before are becoming religious.

"Religion is sacrifice. The Virgin Mary sacrificed her son. Now, in France thousands upon thousands of mothers have sent their sons into battle, sacrificing them as did Mary; and, just as religion formerly gave the idea of sacrifice, this nation-wide sacrifice which France is making is breeding the idea of religion.

"It is not a question of creed. This new religion is one in which all Frenchmen can stand together—in which I feel sure they will all stand together after peace comes once more to us.

"The following story will illustrate this fact: It is the heroic death of the Grand Rabbi of Lyons. On the battle field a wounded Catholic soldier is dying in the firing zone. He is calling for a priest. The Catholic priest has already been killed. There is no Protestant minister at hand. The rabbi takes the cross from the body of the Catholic priest, carries it to the wounded soldier. He gives him the cross to kiss. As the rabbi rises he is shot down, giving his life to carry the cross to the Christian.

"From all this suffering the belief in the immortality of the soul grows stronger among all classes of people—the faith that the dead heroes help and inspire the living. It is today the instinctive belief of French mothers.

"A French mother had already lost a son in the war. She writes to her only remaining son, who is at the front. Allow me to quote a passage of her letter. It shows the certitude that the dead co-operate in the work of reparation which the living have not yet completed:

"May the Lord keep you safe for us who love you! We have already been so pitilessly tried that He may well extend to us this grace of sparing you. Besides, I have told it to you, the soul of our dear Rene protects you and watches over you, my little Daniel. I feel it with a force which I cannot express. The very

dead combat with you. I embrace you tenderly, my child.'"

CONFERENCE

The general conference of the Church, which closed last Sunday, was a memorable event. The weather was ideal. A spirit of patriotism and deep religious fervor prevailed. The people were given to understand that the Church is solidly behind the president of the United States and the national leaders associated with him, in the prosecution of the war for world liberty, and, as conclusive evidence of that support, the conference by unanimous vote authorized President Joseph F. Smith, as trustee-in-trust, to expend \$250,000 for Liberty Bonds, out of the general Church tithing funds.

The Saints were admonished to live according to the gospel as it has been revealed. They were urged to save and conserve, along with all other true American citizens in this time of conflict and to invest their savings in Liberty Bonds. Parents were given solace and comfort in the thought that their sons in the army are filling a high mission and the assertion was made that no member of the Church can be held in good standing who opposes the government in its policy during the prosecution of the great

war. It was said that all is well in Zion and the promise was given that the Lord will care for His people and protect them from evil if they will but serve Him and keep His commandments.

The *Deseret News* makes the following editorial comment on the conference:

"The mighty events now transpiring in the world, and the participation of our own beloved land in them, have profoundly impressed the minds of the Latter-day Saints, leaders and members alike; and the latter have hungered and thirsted for the sure word of prophecy, the admonition, encouragement, and instruction which they felt their chosen leaders were qualified to give, and which have been imparted to them during these sessions in rich and comforting abundance. Those who have ears to hear and hearts to understand are enabled to return to their homes cheered, enlightened, and buoyed up, their faith strengthened, their doubts dispelled, their minds made clear as to their duties to themselves, their loved ones, their neighbors, and the whole family of man. They should henceforth be not only better Latter-day Saints but also better citizens; for the spirit of the entire conference has been uplifting, earnest, benevolent and consoling in the highest degree."

Strive with a Purpose

Strive with an earnest purpose

In every task to excel;

That which is worth the doing,

Is worth the doing well.

Where there's the will for winning,

Surely the way will come;

That which is worth beginning

Is well worth being done.

Think that however humble

Tasks which around you lie,

Half-hearted work will ever

Yield but a poor reply:

Then let us strive with fervor,

Toil with whole-hearted zest:

That which is worth the doing

Is worth our very best.

—Selected.

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK

Teacher-Training Department

Milton Bennion, chairman; Howard R. Driggs and Adam S. Bennion

Brumbaugh—The Making of a Teacher

Chapters 27 and 28

Sunday School Teachers' Opportunities and Need of Preparation

The fact that the public school pays teachers for their services while the Sunday School does not in no wise diminishes the need of skilled service in the latter institution. Public school teaching is an all-week job, and ordinarily must be the source of living of those that engage in it. In one sense Sunday School teaching is also an all-week job, but not of the kind that prevents a person from making a living in other ways. Some of the best work ever done is the free service type and entirely without material reward; but the fact that a given piece of work is without material compensation does not in itself make that work good or efficient. Too often it is carelessly and inefficiently done. It is not necessary that all Sunday School teachers be professional teachers. A truly religious person who has cultivated the virtues of politeness, conscientiousness, and humility—so well discussed in chapter 28—may well add to these *industry*, and by careful study in co-operation with others acquire all the professional knowledge necessary to make a successful Sunday School teacher.

This is the purpose of the Teacher-Training Classes.

Spirituality in Sunday School Teaching

[By Adam S. Bennion]

We have spent considerable time during the year just ending in discussions of the mechanics of teaching—the preparation of lessons, the conducting of a recitation, etc. And these are vital considerations, of course. It is fitting, however, that we conclude our work of 1917 with a consideration of the Sunday School Teacher as a Moral and Spiritual force in the lives of his pupils.

Scholarship, mastery of facts, mere hard-headedness, essential as they are, can not alone insure good Sunday School teaching. There is wonderful force in

the words of the Savior: "Follow Me." There is in these words an invitation to the world to be like Him. And so with the teacher who would be His servant. He must be able on Sunday morning and on every other morning to say to his class, "Be as I am," "Do as I do," "Follow me."

Purity of thought, cleanliness of habit—all of the ideals of a Christian life—must so radiate from the Sunday School teacher that his class finds itself taught even though he say never a word.

Some years ago a young professor of science in one of our eastern colleges received a commission to teach in a university of Japan. The course of instruction was decided upon, the salary was fixed, the only condition prescribed being that he should say nothing of his religion—Christianity. He was true to his agreement and during the next two years didn't so much as mention his creed. He associated freely with his students, however, and soon became their leader out of class as well as in. They came to know him fully. So impressed were they with his cleanliness of life, his high ideals, and his devoted service to his fellows, that before the end of three years, every one of his forty students had asked to be made members of his church.

"A church," said they, "that teaches a man to live such a life, is the kind of church to which we want to belong."

In the matter of a man's developing his moral strength, he must very largely be his own teacher. Inspired by good men and their teachings, he will find in his own conscience his best tutor.

Besides being the exemplar morally to his class, the teacher ought also to hold them to truth through his spirituality. What a heightened power comes to the man endowed with God's Holy Spirit! All of us have listened to the inspiring discourses of our brethren when they have been blessed with the Spirit of the Lord. "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." (Job 32:8.)

Well may we reflect upon the declaration of the Apostle Paul: "Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think any-

thing as of ourselves: but our sufficiency is of God. Who also hath made us able ministers of the New Testament: not of the letter but of the spirit: for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." (11 Corinthians 3:5, 6.)

Spirituality is heavenly-mindedness—a looking toward God and a devotion to truth and righteousness. It is that quality which leads a man to love honor and virtue for their own sake and which makes him an inspiration to all who come in contact with him to do the same thing. It is that which enables a man to see through the material things of earth to the ideals of a higher life. It is the medium through which the human soul approaches God. It is the human force behind prayer and the assurance that bids us look for promised blessings.

As to how spirituality may be developed, the following are only a few suggestions which every teacher can easily

supplement to his own satisfaction:

1. Living a pure, clean life so as to merit companionship with God's Spirit.

2. Relying constantly upon God through prayer for His blessings—"And the Spirit shall be given unto you by the prayer of faith and if ye receive not the spirit, ye shall not teach." (Doc. and Cov. 42:14.)

3. Devoting your best efforts humbly to doing your duty as you understand it.

4. Joining whole-heartedly and regularly with your brethren and sisters in religious service.

5. Practicing obedience to the demands constantly made of servants of the Lord.

6. Reading the Scriptures—keeping constantly in touch with His word.

May we not well pray with the Psalmist: "Create in me a clean heart, O God. And renew a right spirit within me." (Psalms 51:10.)

Superintendents' Department

General Superintendency, Joseph F. Smith, David O. McKay and Stephen L. Richards

SACRAMENT GEM, DECEMBER, 1917

While of these emblems we partake,
In Jesus' name and for His sake,
Let us remember and be sure,
Our hearts and hands are clean and pure.

CONCERT RECITATION FOR DECEMBER 2, 1917

[The director of the Concert Recitation should briefly explain the principle of tithing or read verses 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, Section 119, Doctrine and Covenants, and the school follow with verse 6 in concert as follows:]

Doctrine and Covenants, Section 119, Verse 6:

"And I say unto you, if my people observe not this law, to keep it holy, and by this law sanctify the land of Zion unto me, that my statutes and my judgments may be kept thereon, that it may be most holy, behold, verily I say unto you, it shall not be a land of Zion to you."

CONCERT RECITATION FOR DECEMBER 9, 16, 23 and 30, 1917

(Luke 2:8-14)

8. And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

9. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid,

10. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

11. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.

12. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

13. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

14. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

Note.—It might be well to assign parts of the concert recitation to various departments or sections of the school. After the department or section shall have recited the part assigned to it, then the whole school should repeat the recitation. Or, the school may recite two or three verses on the second, third and fourth Sundays in the month, and give the entire recitation on the fifth Sunday.

Uniform Program for December 2, 1917

Subject: Tithing.

For the general exercises, superintendents should consult with their choristers and select such songs as may be appropriate.

Outline for Class Teachers

The following outline should be adapted to the capacity of the children of the respective classes.

I. Was an Ancient Law of the Church.

1. Abraham, returning from the slaughter of the kings, paid tithes of all to Melchizedek, king of Salem, who was the priest of the Most High God (Gen. 14; Heb. 7; Alma 13:13-15).
2. Jacob covenanted with the Lord that of all that the Lord should give him he would surely give one-tenth to Him (Gen. 28:22).
3. The law of tithing was also given through Moses to the children of Israel (Lev. 27:30-34).
4. The children of Levi were given all the tenth in Israel for an inheritance for their service of the tabernacle of the congregation (Num. 18:21-26; Deut. 14:22-24; Mal. 3:8).

II. A Law to the Present Dispensation.

1. "Verily it is a day of sacrifice, and a day for the tithing of my people; for he that is tithed shall not be burned (at His coming)" (Doc. and Cov. 64:23).
2. All of the surplus properties of the Saints are required to be put into the hands of the Bishop at the beginning of the tithing of

the people; thereafter, those so tithed should pay one-tenth of all their interest annually, as a standing law forever (Doc. and Cov. 119:1-5).

III. Reward for Keeping this Law.

1. Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground; neither shall your vine cast her fruits before the time in the field, saith the Lord of Hosts (Mal. 3:10, 11; III Nephi 24:10-12).

IV. Punishment for Failure to Observe this Law.

1. Those who do not keep this law shall not be found worthy to abide among the Saints.
2. And if the Saints do not observe this law, to keep it holy, the land of Zion shall not be a land of Zion unto them (Doc. and Cov. 119:5-7).

Suggestive Truth: An unselfish observance of this law will entitle us to the protection of our heavenly Father and blessings upon our efforts in rich abundance.

Christmas Service

For December 23d there should be prepared special Christmas exercises. Careful attention should be given to the music. Nos. 28, 81, 101, 122, 174, 214, 221,

Deseret Sunday School Songs, will be found appropriate. Other Christmas music, however, may be introduced if in accordance with the doctrines of the Church. Let the children give the exercises wherever possible.

TEACHER-TRAINING CLASSES

Summary of Instructions given by David O. McKay, at a meeting of Stake Superintendencies of Sunday Schools, Sunday, October, 7, 1917

In view of the fact that there seems to be a little indefiniteness in the minds of some officers and teachers regarding the purposes of Teacher-Training Classes, and particularly of the details of establishing them, it is thought advisable to devote a few minutes to the consideration of this topic.

Purposes of Establishing Classes

As its name suggests, the purpose of establishing the Teacher-Training Class is to develop more efficiency in teaching, but the ultimate end is to reach the child. This, of course, is the object of the entire Sunday School organization; but the Teacher is the one through whom this object can be best realized. It is said that

"A nation's fate hangs on the babe
In yon wee mantle curled;
The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

Second to the potency of the mother's influence, and in some instances superior to it, is that of the Teacher. To accentuate this directing power in child life, Teacher-Training Classes should be organized in every ward.

Three Meetings of Local Boards

There should be held every month at least two Teacher-Training Classes in addition to the regular monthly report meeting, which should not be made a part of any other meeting. These three gatherings—the Monthly Report Meeting, and two Teacher-Training Classes—should be held at a time most convenient to the majority of the officers and teachers. Where Priesthood meetings are not held on Sunday morning prior to Sunday School, nine o'clock on that day is proving a very convenient time. In wards in which Priesthood meeting holds this hour, the Teacher-Training Class should be held during the week.

Course of Study

The course of study is found in the

JUVENILE as prepared by the committee of the General Board, and in "The Making of a Teacher," by Brumbaugh.

In this connection, however, it is urged that all classes be prepared to take up a new course at the beginning of the year 1918. During January, February, and March of next year, the course will be given in the JUVENILE. Beginning April 1, 1918, the new regularly prescribed course will be ready. It is desirable that the great majority of schools will be prepared to pursue these suggested courses.

Relation of Stake Boards

Among our Stake Board members are found some of the most efficient officers and teachers in the Union. In order to utilize this superior ability where the child will get the greatest benefit, Stake Board members may be appointed (1) to assist in Teacher-Training work; (2) to act as regular teachers in the Sunday School. All so assigned to Ward duties are to be retained as Stake Board members. Those whose services are not required in specific schools should be required to fill regular Stake appointments as before.

The Stake Board meeting of all members should be held at least once a month.

How Stake Boards May Keep in Touch with Local Schools

This plan, if put into effect, will of necessity lessen the number of visits of Stake Boards, and therefore diminish the means of the Stake Boards knowing the condition of each school. To supply this needed information, Stake Superintendencies should receive a weekly report from each school, blanks for which can be obtained at the Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store.

In addition to these reports, there should be held a monthly meeting with the Ward Superintendents, their Assistants and the Secretaries. The following suggestive order of business will indicate the nature and importance of this meeting:

1. Preliminary music.
2. Singing.
3. Prayer.
4. Roll.
5. Unfinished business.
6. Reports.
 - a. From committees.
 - b. Upon topics assigned.
7. Consideration of conditions as revealed by weekly reports.
8. Instructions from Superintendency.
9. New business.



As an exercise for changing fingers on the same key, play the C scale in the following manner: Strike C with 5th finger, now replace the 5th finger with the 4th, then the 4th with the 3rd, the 3rd with the 2nd and the 2nd with the 1st, taking care that the tone continues to sound without interruption. Change the fingers on the other tones of the scale in

a similar manner. Play the scale ascending with the right hand and descending with the left hand. Now reverse the fingering, placing the thumb on the key first, followed by the 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th fingers. This time play the ascending scale with the left hand and the descending scale with the right hand. Experiment until you find the best position for the hand to assume in performing this exercise.

Think about this exercise. Master it. Then apply this principle of fingering in all your organ work. Prove it for yourself. It is worth while.

"This Is the Place."

W. A. M.

F. K. T.

With spirit.

1. Praise to the valiant lit - tle band (Its fame grows greater with the
2. "This is the place!" their leader cried, When he be - held the val - ley

years) That led our fathers to this land—He - ro - ic, stalwart Pi - o - fair;
"Let Is - rael's God be glo - ri - fied, Who did for us this land pre-

neers. O'er desert drear and snowy height, With faith sublime, with one accord, Came pare!
Their toils are past, their trials o'er, The Lord has wiped away their tears. Im-

homeless ex - iles in their flight, Led by a Prophet of the Lord.
mor - tal van - guard, gone before, That heav'n-crowned band, The Pi - o - neers.

Parents Department

Henry H. Rolapp, Chairman; Howard R. Dirggs, Nathan T. Porter and E. G. Gowans

LESSONS FOR DECEMBER

Sunday, December 2, 1917

Uniform Fast Day lesson.

Sunday, December 9, 1917

Calendar Sunday

Amusement Halls and Health

"A breeding place of colds and contagion"—is what one doctor in a certain country town branded the chief moving picture hall of the place. What else could it be when five to seven hundred people, old and young, packed themselves within the big prison walls with scarcely a hole for ventilation. Sickly hot in the summer months and odorous with perspiring bodies, and unevenly heated in winter with two big stoves—what could result but a scattering of diseases from such a gathering?

Why will city officials and health officers permit such menaces to the health of our communities to exist when a little concerted effort would make the places of amusement sanitary at least?

What about the places of amusement in your own town?—the "movie show" houses, and the dance halls? Is it not time that this matter be investigated, and that something, if conditions call for it, be done to protect the health of the children and the older people who will attend these places?

And while this investigation is being carried on, it may be well to make it include the churches and the schools. Are they well ventilated and kept in sanitary condition?

Fresh air is medicine to the lungs—surely we need not use it sparingly.

Ill health is too costly a luxury and a great deal of it is inexcusable. People will have recreation; it is but natural and right. It is only good sense that their amusements be wholesome. Our business is to see that the physical and moral health is not endangered.

Make this lesson one of definite worth

to your class. Have a committee appointed to investigate and report. Discuss the problem fully, and do what is demanded by the situation that exists.

Sunday, December 16, 1917

Take Lesson XIV, "Training in the Home," Parent and Child, Vol. III. Read carefully the chapter first in full. Let the opening lesson in discussing the thought opened up by the chapter center around these problems:

For what physical habits of the child is the home responsible? (Deal here with the cultivating of habits of cleanliness, care of body, clothes, toys,—the habits of neatness and order.)

(What are the best methods for training up the child in the way he should go in these matters?)

Why is there so much slovenliness and slouchiness and uncleanness among us?

Sunday, December 23, 1917

Uniform Christmas lesson.

Sunday, December 30, 1917.

Continue discussion of Lesson XIV, "Training in the Home," Parent and Child, Vol. III.

Let the center of this lesson be moral habits that should spring out of home training. (In this connection the cultivation of habits of obedience, truth, respect of law and order, virtue and other vital qualities that mark the man should be dealt with.)

What methods are best to inculcate these invaluable habits in the child?

Why do the lessons of parents fail often to carry over into practice?

What is the essential weakness in too much of the home training?

There is an abundance of close-to-life material to make many excellent lessons suggested in this chapter. Let the supervisors study it carefully, and enrich the valuable thoughts by practical application. Make the lesson strike home.

Daily deed and daily thought,
Slowly into habit wrought.
Raise that temple, base or fair,
Which men call our character.
Build it nobly; build it well;
In that temple God may dwell!

—Edward W. Benson.

Theological Department

Elias Conway Ashton, chairman; Milton Bennion, John M. Mills, Geo. H. Wallace, Edwin G. Woolley, Jr.

First Year—Lives of the Apostles

LESSONS FOR DECEMBER

[Outlines by E. C. Ashton]

First Sunday, December 2

Uniform Fast Day Lesson.

Second Sunday, December 9

Lesson 34. Paul in Jerusalem and Caesarea

- I. Appears before Sanhedrin.
 - (a) Opening statement brings rebuke.
 - (b) Paul turns on Ananias.
 - (c) Respect for constituted authority.
 - (d) Pharisees find no evil in him.
 - (e) God's love for Paul.
- II The conspiracy to kill Paul takes form.
 - (a) Its discovery.
 - (b) Paul is escorted to Felix the procurator at Caesarea.
 - (c) Paul is formally accused before Felix.
- III. Paul makes his first defense.
- IV. Again before Felix.
- V. Paul's Caesarean imprisonment.

Text: "The Apostles of Jesus Christ," chapter 34.

Third Sunday, December 16

Lesson 34. Paul Before Festus and Agrippa

- I. Felix succeeded by Festus.
 - (a) Festus sits in judgment.
 - (b) Paul makes new defense.
- II King Agrippa II becomes interested in Paul.
- III. Paul's wonderful defense before Agrippa.

Text: "The Apostles of Jesus Christ," chapter 35.

Fourth Sunday, December 23

Uniform Christmas exercises.

Fifth Sunday, December 30

Lesson 35. Paul's Journey to Rome and Labors There

- I. Paul as prisoner treated liberally.
- II. Encounters storm after Paul's warning.

- III. Paul's moral ascendancy.
- IV. The miracle of the viper's bite.
- V. The healing of Publius' father.
- VI. Paul arrives in Rome.
- VII. His ministry there.
- VIII. Estimate of Paul's character.

Text: "The Apostles of Jesus Christ," chapter 36.

Third Year—Old Testament Studies

LESSONS FOR DECEMBER

[Outlines by Elias Conway Ashton]

First Sunday, December 2

Uniform Fast Day Exercises.

Second Sunday, December 9

Lesson 34. Under the Judges—Gideon

- I. Israel succumbs to heathen sins.
 - (a) The punishment.
 - (b) Israel's humiliation and remorse.
- II. Gideon commences his work.
 - (a) Angel's appearance to him.
 - (b) Asks for a miracle.
 - (c) Pulled down the altar of Baal.
 - (d) The people rise up against Gideon
 - (e) Seeks other miracles to reassure him concerning himself.
- III. Israel's foes formidable—Gideon's struggle.
 - (a) Amalekites and Midianites.
 1. Gideon becomes a spy and overhears dream.
 2. Middle watch.
 3. Gideon's call to arms.
 - (b) Ephraimites.
 1. Gideon averts disaster by means of tact.
 2. Disclaims personal ambition.
- IV. Estimation of Gideon's character.

Text: "Old Testament Studies," chapter 30.

Third Sunday, December 16

Lesson 35. Under the Judges (Continued). Abimelech—Jephthah

- I. Gideon's promise that his son should not rule.
- II. Abimelech plans conspiracy.
 - (a) Jotham escapes and addresses people in parable.

(b) People plan counter conspiracy to destroy Abimelech.

(c) Abimelech makes bitter fight but is overcome.

III. Tola and Jair

IV. Israel again falls into idolatry.

(a) Philistines and Ammonites torment them.

(b) Jephthah son of harlot.

(c) Flees to the land of Tob.

(d) Elders in their distress request him to return to lead them.

V. Jephthah makes a vow.

(a) Its character and spirit.

VI. His victories and their effect on him.

(a) Meets his daughter

(b) Her fate.

VII. Jephthah ends his struggle.

Text: "Old Testament Studies," chapter 31.

Fourth Sunday, December 23

Uniform Christmas exercises.

Fifth Sunday, December 30

Lesson 36. Samson—Ruth

I. Israel in bondage to Philistines.

II. Angel appears and gives promise of a deliverer.

III. Samson, the promised deliverer.

(a) His wonderful strength.

(b) His physical exploits.

(c) His unfortunate love affair.

(d) His strength departs.

IV. The decline of morals and religion.

(a) Return to heathen gods.

(b) Independent worship established.

(c) The Danites and the civil war.

(d) Attempt to preserve tribes.

V. The story of Ruth.

Note: Under this subdivision it would be excellent practice to have students tell the story of Ruth as a retold story.

Text: "Old Testament Studies," chapters 32-33.

Second Intermediate Department

Harold G. Reynolds, chairman; Horace H. Cummings, J. Leo Fairbanks, and Adam S. Bennion

First Year—Church History

[Prepared by Nephi Anderson]

LESSONS FOR DECEMBER

First Sunday, December 2

Uniform Fast Day lesson.

Second Sunday, December 9

Pupils' Text: "A Young Folks' History of the Church," Chapter XXXVI.

Teachers' References: Evans' "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," pages 492-512; Life of Wilford Woodruff, "Leaves from my Journal."

This chapter in the pupils' text deals with the presidency of Wilford Woodruff. The teacher should give to the class some details of his wonderful history, especially of his missionary experiences as a young man. In this chapter a short sketch is also given of President George Q. Cannon, whose life is also of great interest to the young. President Joseph F. Smith will be more fully treated in the last lesson of the month.

In treating of the "Manifesto" issued by President Woodruff, explain the teaching of the Church in regard to obeying the law of the lands wherein the Church members reside.

The incident of the treatment given to Elder B. H. Roberts at the Parliament of Religions at Chicago in connection with the World's Fair should give theme for a good lesson.

Third Sunday, December 16

Pupils' Text: "A Young Folks' History of the Church," Chapters XXXVII and XXXVIII.

The first chapter of this lesson deals with reason for and the history of temples. The first paragraphs of this chapter will give a simple explanation of the doctrine of salvation for the dead, an explanation that can be understood by the boys and girls. In this connection it might be well to explain that the "Spirit of Elijah" has been wonderfully manifested in the Church by the building of temples and the work in them by members of the Church, and also in the world by the people who have taken an interest in searching out and printing their genealogies. The Genealogical Society is an outgrowth of this spirit of Elijah (Elijah restored the keys in the Kirtland Temple April 3, 1836). Since the lesson was written, the temples at Cardston, Canada, and Hawaii, have been begun.

The second chapter of this lesson tells of President Lorenzo Snow and some of

the important events which transpired in the Church during his short presidency. Call attention to the fact that each president seems to have some special work to do. Apply this to President Snow

Fourth Sunday, December 23

Uniform Christmas exercises.

Fifth Sunday, December 30

Pupils' Text: "A Young Folks' History of the Church," Chapter XXXIX.

In connection with President Joseph F. Smith, this lesson tells a little about Presidents Anthon H. Lund and Charles W. Penrose. These brethren are still with us. Many of the boys and girls who study these lessons have seen them and have heard them speak. Presidents John R. Winder and John Henry Smith were also great and good men, known to many young people now living.

This lesson gives a splendid opportunity for the teacher to impress on the pupils the importance of the living prophets and apostles. They should be taught the proper reverence for the living authorities of the Church. Too frequently, such reverence is reserved for the dead only. Emphasize the importance of the "Now."

The story of President Smith's boy-

hood is interesting and faith-promoting. Talk to the class about President Smith.

As a fitting close to the lessons and the book, read aloud the closing paragraphs of the little history.

Third Year—"What it Means to be a Mormon"

LESSONS FOR DECEMBER

The task for December is to complete the text. Teachers desiring to introduce special holiday features should arrange to combine lessons so as to finish the work of the year.

The text books for next year in the Second Intermediate Department will be "The Story of the Book of Mormon" in the first year, and "What Jesus Taught" in the fourth. Stimulate an interest in having these books made Christmas presents. Begin now to lay your plans for a vigorous campaign to put a text into the hands of every one of your pupils for next year.

As you finish this year's work, there is a splendid opportunity for testimonies, either written or oral, on "Why I Am a Mormon."

Review the significant points in your year's work.

First Intermediate Department

Geo. M. Cannon, Chairman; Josiah Burrows and J. W. Walker

First Year—Book of Mormon

[Prepared by J. W. Walker]

First Sunday, December 2

Uniform Fast Day lesson.

Second Sunday, December 9

Lesson 33. Amos, The Younger

Text: IV Nephi 1:24-49. Reynolds' Dictionary of Book of Mormon.

Lesson Setting.

Memory gem: "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard neither have entered into heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." I Corinthians 2:9.

Truth to be taught: A judgment awaits on acts in this life. Rev. 20:12. "And I saw the dead small and great stand

before God: * * * and the dead were judged out of the things which were written in the books, according to their works."

I. Like the father, the life of Amos the younger was prolonged because of his righteous living.

1. Cared for the records for 112 years.

II. People become very numerous.

1. Prosperous but very wicked.

2. Same as in the days of Noah.

III. The Gadianton robbers.

1. Gadianton plots to kill Chief Judge Helaman.

IV. Amos dies 306 A. D.

1. Delivers the records to Ammaron.

V. Ammaron hides them in the hill called Shim.

Lesson statement: Amos the younger, like his father, lived to a good age. He witnessed a great change in the affairs of the people. They dressed in costly ap-

parel and wore jewels. The United Order was a thing of the past. The spirit of truth had left them.

The Gadianton Robbers were in the land. Many terrible crimes were committed by them. Gadianton began his work about 52 years before Christ came, and his followers continued it for many years after that. They bound themselves together with secret oaths and wicked plans. Amos delivered the records to Ammaron before he died, about 306 A. D.

Third Sunday, December 16

Lesson 34. Mormon

[Prepared by J. W. Walker]

Text: Book of Mormon, chaps. 1 to 9. Reynolds' Dictionary of the Book of Mormon.

Lesson Setting.

Memory gem: Revelations 12:14. "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

Truth to be taught: "My Spirit shall not always strive with man * * *"
—Genesis 6:3.

I. Mormon's early life.

1. Ammaron's words to him.
2. Receives records at age 24.
3. Attempts to preach to the wicked.

II. Battles between the Nephites and Lamanites.

1. Mormon a leader.
2. A treaty for ten years.

III. Mormon preaches repentance. Mormon 3:3.

IV. Mormon's words to his son Moroni. chap. 9.

V. Battle at the Hill Cumorah.

Refer to above named chapters for lesson statement.

Fourth Sunday, December 23

Uniform Christmas Exercises.

Fifth Sunday, December 30

Lesson 36. Moroni

[By Josiah Burrows]

Text: The Book of Moroni.

I. Moroni, the last of the noted Nephites.

1. The Lamanites at war among themselves.
2. Moroni a wanderer.

II. Instructions Concerning Ordinances and Principles.

1. The words of Christ to the Twelve.

2. The manner of ordaining priests and teachers.

3. The manner of administering the Sacrament.

4. Baptism, fasting, and the conduct of meetings.

5. Discourse on Faith, Hope, and Charity.

III. Mormon's Instructive Epistles to his son Moroni.

1. It is solemn mockery before God to baptize little children.

2. Charity is everlasting love,—a beautiful definition.

3. The pride of the Nephites hath proven their destruction.

4. Mormon laments the depravity of the Nephites.

5. Mormon's touching admonition to his son Moroni.

IV. Moroni's Final Admonitions to the Lamanites.

1. Moroni prepares to seal up the records.

2. A testimony of the truth of the record is promised through faith and prayer.

3. Exhortation to cultivate the gifts of the Spirit.

4. Moroni's impressive farewell.

Memory gem: Chapter 10, verses 4 and 34.

Note. This final lesson of the Book of Mormon course deals with spiritual matters, and forms a fitting conclusion. The subject might be connected with the fast day lesson following, and the children impressed with the importance of learning more about and obtaining a testimony of the truth of the Book of Mormon. Call attention to the testimonies of the students attending the L. D. S. University, regarding the study of the Book of Mormon, published on pages 484-5-6 September number of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Third Year—The Life of Christ

LESSONS FOR DECEMBER

[Suggestions by George M. Cannon]

First Sunday, December 2

Uniform Fast Day lesson.

Second Sunday, December 9

• Lesson 34

Chapter 67. Mary at the Tomb—The Roman Guard—Jesus and Peter.

Read in the Bible: Matt. 27 and 28; Mark 16; Luke 24; John 20.

Chapter 68. At Emmaus—"It is I myself."

Read Mark 16:12-13; Luke 24:13-53 (The fullest account of the events described in our text book is found in this chapter of Luke.). For the account of the doubting Thomas read John 20:19-31.

Third Sunday, December 16

Lesson 35

Chapter 39. On the Sea Shore.

Chapter 30. "Feed My Lambs."

Read of the events described in these two chapters of our text book in the last chapter (20) of John.

Fourth Sunday, December 23

This year Sunday falling on the birthday of the Prophet Joseph Smith we recommend that the class work be devoted to incidents in the life of this great Latter-day Prophet.

Abundant material from which to secure suitable events to describe is available in every ward in Zion. Those who have all the volumes of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will find the life of the Prophet in volumes.

Consult also the Life of Joseph Smith by George Q. Cannon (price \$2 at Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store), or Life of Joseph Smith by Lucy Smith (price \$1). The latter came out in the *Improvement Era*, volume 5. Or selections can be made by the teacher from

the account given of the life of the Prophet in the History of the Church.

Fifth Sunday, December 30

Lesson 36

Chapter 71. On a Mountain in Galilee.

Chapter 72. The Ascension.

For the incidents in these two chapters related, read in the Bible: Matt. 28:16-20; Mark 16:14-20; and Luke 24:36-53.

Of particular interest to Latter-day Saints is the injunction in Mark 16:15-16 and the signs that are to follow the true believer, verses 17 and 18 same chapter:

"And these signs shall follow them that believe: In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues;

They shall take up serpents; and if they drink and deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

The time of His coming is known to the Eternal Father. This fact and the manner of His ascension into heaven are described in Acts 1:6-11. The Gospel is to all people and this fact and what they are to do to be saved after obtaining Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ is beautifully told by Peter in Acts 2:38-39. And this Gospel of our Savior is now being preached by missionaries who are called by the Priesthood of God and who go wherever they are sent and gladly proclaim these glad tidings to the people of the earth.

Primary Department

Chas. B. Felt, chairman; assisted by Florence S. Horne and Bessie F. Foster

LESSONS FOR DECEMBER

First Sunday, December 2

Fast Day Thought: Adapt the "Uniform lesson for December" for the Fast Day work.

Lesson 9. Cleansing the Temple

Text: John 2:12-16.

References: "Stories from the Life of Christ" and Weed's "A Life of Christ for the Young," chap. xvii.

Aim: Reverence for sacred places.

Memory gem: "Take these things hence; make not my Father's house an house of merchandise."

Picture: Casting Out the Money Changers. (Hofmann).

Second Sunday, December, 9

Lesson 10. The Chosen Twelve

Text: Mark 3:13-19; Luke 6:12-16; Matt. 4:18-22; 10.

References: Our own book; Weed's "A Life of Christ for the Young," chaps. xiii, xxv.

Aim: The Lord's work is the greatest work a man can be called to do.

Memory gem: "Freely have ye received, freely give."

Song: "I'll serve the Lord while I am

young." (Deseret Sunday School Songs, No. 159.)

Picture: Christ and the Fisherman.

Third Sunday, December 16

Lesson 11. The Sermon on the Mount

Text: Matt. 5 and 6.

References: Our own book; Weed's "A Life of Christ for the Young," XXVI, XLVI.

Aim: True happiness comes from the Christian spirit of love, peace, and forgiveness.

Memory gem: One or more of the beatitudes.

Picture: The Sermon on the Mount (Hofmann).

Fourth Sunday, December 23

We suggest that you use the extra Sunday in this month for Christmas exercises.

Fifth Sunday, December 30

Lesson 12. Christ and the Rich Young Man

Text: Matt. 19:16-30; Mark 10:17-31; Luke 18:18-30.

Reference: Weed's "A Life of Christ for the Young," Chap. LIII.

Pictures: Christ and the Rich Young man. The Christ (Hofmann).

Get children to notice the contrast between Jesus and the man, both in expression and dress.

Aim: Love for the Gospel, not for the worldly things, brings eternal life.

Memory gem: "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come and follow me."

Kindergarten Department

Wm. A. Mortan, Chairman; assisted by Beulah Woolley, Kate McAllister and Ina Johnson.

LESSONS FOR DECEMBER

First Sunday, December 2

Adapt Uniform Fast Day Lesson.

Second Sunday, December 9

Lesson 34. The Birth of Jesus

Text: Matthew 1:18-25; Luke 1:26-38; 2:1-17; Isaiah 7:14; 9:6, 7; John 3:16; John 4:9, 10; 1 Nephi 11:13-22.

Aim: The more we love the more we give.

Third Sunday, December 16

Lesson 35. The Story of the Shepherds

Text: Luke 2:8-20.

Aim: The more we love the more we give.

Fourth Sunday, December 23

Adapt uniform Christmas exercises.

Lesson 36. The Visit of the Wise Men

Text: Matt. 2:1-11.

Aim: The more we love the more we give.

Fifth Sunday, December 30

Lesson 37. Baby Jesus in the Temple

Text: Luke 2:2-39.

Aim: The more we love the more we give.

RESPONSIBILITY OF A KINDERGARTEN TEACHER

One of the most important things in Sunday School work is harmony. This can only be achieved by the unselfish co-operation of teachers. No organization is complete without a head. This is true of the kindergarten department in our Sunday Schools as elsewhere. One must be leader, and must be responsible for the class. The head teacher holds a very responsible position. It is one which requires tact and skillful management in order to get the best results possible. She should study her associates and help them use their talents for the best good of the class. She should always be considerate of their feelings, never criticize them before the children or in any way belittle them. She should be especially considerate of a new teacher, make her feel at home, and that she has confidence in her ability.

The head teacher should take charge of the class every Sunday. The result will be better discipline. When different teachers take charge the children do

not have a chance to get acquainted with their manner of conducting. Each teacher has her distinctive personality. Six or eight teachers taking turns in conducting circle work are not as successful as one who has made that work a specialty. We all realize the importance of specialization. The children learn just what to expect.

Some teachers may say: If one takes charge all the time, the others do not get experience. Are we working for the good of the children or to give the teachers experience? Although the head teacher takes charge each Sunday, she should not make the other teachers feel that it doesn't matter whether they are in their places or not, because she does all the work, but she should make every teacher feel that she is needed in order that the work may be carried on successfully. She should fully appreciate her position and not try to run the class without the assistance of her associates. If there is mutual sympathy and love, all will work together for the good of the class. The head teacher should be free from group work, and only take a group when one of the teachers is absent. In this way she is able to see that the work goes along smoothly. A child may need to leave the room during the lesson period. She can take care of the little one, as children should never be left alone while in our charge. She can pass a picture (if only one good one is available) from one group to another. She can also see when the teachers have finished the lesson and give the signal to get in position to proceed with the program.

The responsibility of a group teacher is equally as important as that of head teacher. Each one should be given her individual children and roll. The children will know her as their teacher. The advantage of each teacher having her own group is the teacher will learn each child's special needs, which she cannot do if the child is in her group

only every fifth or sixth Sunday. Of course, the teacher giving a lesson to a group of four-year-old children would not give it in the same words as a teacher telling it to the six-year-old children, and this is of great advantage to the children.

By each teacher having her own group and being responsible for it, why cannot she make out her own program? Why is preparation meeting necessary? Because of the great need of unity in the class activities. The head teacher should preside at this meeting, but she should encourage the girls to talk freely and use suggestions they may give, even if she should sometimes feel that her way would be best. At this meeting the lesson is discussed and outlined; the program prepared so that each teacher knows when her turn comes to do her special work. Each teacher could, of course, prepare her own program, but it is my opinion that more or less confusion would be caused. For instance: the head teacher has prepared her program and she will call upon one of the teachers to give the morning talk. This teacher might not be prepared and she would be very much embarrassed, whereas had she known she was to give the morning talk she would have been prepared. And then the confusion of saying, "Sister ——— will you lead in prayer," or "will you lead in the memory gems," which could all be avoided if each had prepared her program at the preparation meeting. By outlining the program and lesson much confusion will be avoided and each teacher will have the same idea in presenting it. The aim will be brought out in the same way, and although different teachers give the lesson, each child will have the same story to carry home with him. The preparation meeting is very important, if we want our class to be among the best. Each teacher must unselfishly do her part, work hard, and earnestly seek the aid of our Heavenly Father.

—Marie Flint.

The Power of a Smile

There's a wondrous lot of power
In an honest, wholesome smile;
It often starts a blessing
That will travel for a mile.
Why, when hearts are sad and heavy,
And the days are dark the while,
You can notice that things brighten
From the moment that you smile.

What the rose is to the bower,
What the jewel to the ring;
What the song is to the robin
In the gladsome days of spring:

What the gold is to the sunsets
That oft our souls beguile—
All this, and more, to people
Is the blessing of a smile.

When you see a face that's saddened
By the cruelty of strife,
Into which have come the wrinkles
From the toils and cares of life,
Just send a ray of sunshine
To smoothe its brow awhile,
And bestow a passing blessing
By the giving of a smile.

—B. W. Burleigh.

Jimmie's Hate

By Harold Goff

It was not Jimmie Brown's nature to hate,—not even to hold a grudge. His outlook on life was a wholesome one, inherited, no doubt, from his noble father, and from his dear old mother, now bearing up bravely under the heavy load of recent widowhood.

But today Jimmie's anger was stirred. Never in his life before, so far as he could remember, had he felt so outraged.

"Tell me all about it, mother," he said, his face tense.

"Jimmie, boy, you frighten me. Don't take on so, my son. I was humiliated, very much, but I don't want you to have any trouble with Mr. Norton.

"Tell me about it, mother; just as it happened."

"Well, I dropped in at the bank to get a little money from the savings account. While I was making out the slip, the door of Mr. Norton's apartment opened a little and I could hear him speaking to someone. He was talking very sharply, but seemed to be trying to keep his voice down so that people in the bank wouldn't hear him. Then a poor little woman, ragged and frail, came out. Tears were running down her cheeks and her poor little body was shaking with sobs."

"The brute had been abusing her over unpaid rent, I suppose," Jimmie put in.

"Mr. Norton looked out a minute or two later," his mother went on, "just as I was leaving the teller's window. When he saw me he called out—and his voice was sharp and mean—'Mrs. Brown, step in here a minute.' I had no idea what it was he wanted, but I went over, stepped inside and he closed the door. He didn't even ask me to be seated, though he plumped himself down at his desk. He seemed quite excited—over his talk with the other woman, I suppose. Well, I stood

a moment waiting, wondering what he wanted. Presently he said, 'That money is past due and must be paid right away.' 'Why, what money, Mr. Norton?' I asked. 'The balance on that \$500 your husband borrowed,' he said.

"I told him he must be mistaken, that I was sure the \$500 had been paid long ago. He scowled and asked me if I had the receipt. I told him it must be among the papers your father left when he died. He sneered and told me to find it if I could. Then he said there was more than \$350 still due and that if it wasn't paid within ten days he would take us into court. I was a bit worked up by this time and began to cry, and he fairly hissed at me—said he was sick of crying women and practically told me to get out. As I was leaving he slammed the door after me and it caught my hand. It hurt dreadfully, but he didn't seem to feel at all sorry, and I heard him say to a clerk who had just come up that I was in my dotage and needed someone to lead me around. I really don't know what to make of the man. He must have an ungovernable temper at times, for he seemed like an enraged animal. Something must surely have gone wrong to make him act like that."

"Just a bit of his real self coming out!" snapped Jimmie.

"I know the money was all paid," his mother continued. "Your father told me that it was and he seemed so relieved to get it off his mind, for it had been a big worry to him. We borrowed the money, you know, when you were away at school. Your father paid it back when he sold that piece of land out by your Uncle John's."

"Do you think we have the receipt, mother?"

"I've looked through all the papers today, and I can't find it."

"Well, even if the money were due,

Norton had no business to act like that. I'm going to tell him so, too, and if he doesn't promise to apologize to you, I'll knock him down."

"Son, son," said his mother in alarm, "you mustn't be rash. He wasn't quite himself, I guess; something must have worried him."

"I'll teach him to behave even if he is worried," said the five-foot-nine young man.

"Listen, boy," said the mother persuasively, "I'm sure we'll be able to prove that the money was paid. And I'm none the worse for the unpleasantness. I was shaken up for awhile, I admit; but it won't do to have trouble—that won't do any good."

"It would do me good to slap his face, mother."

"No, it wouldn't, my boy; maybe you think so now, but it wouldn't. It would make you that much less a man. No one ever got any real good out of revenge, and even if a man deserves a thrashing there's no credit in giving him one—unless it's in self defense."

"Mother, Norton's a hypocrite and a scoundrel. Poses as a pillar of the church, too, and all the time robbing and terrifying widows who happen to owe his bank a little money! His heart is as hard as flint. When I think of his abusing you, my blood boils, and I won't be satisfied until I've paid him back. It's his quarrel; he picked it."

"Jimmie, I'm not blaming you for feeling put out but I'll be disappointed if you give way to your anger. Anger is the first step toward hate, my boy, and hate is not only morally wrong but it hurts the one who holds it in his heart. Hate breeds a poison that goes all through you and sours everything you do, or say, or even think. Don't give way to it, boy. Remember what the Savior taught, and be manly. You've always been that way; don't change now."

"You're too good, mother; you could overlook anything."

"Well, Mr. Norton wasn't himself; we mustn't judge a man by his worst side. Now, promise me that you won't

go to him or say anything about it—at least until after you've cooled down a bit."

"All right, mother, I promise."

"Hurry up, now, or you'll be late for work."

It was five in the afternoon and Jimmie was just eating his breakfast. Men who work on morning papers live a sort of topsy-turvy life. Jimmie was a reporter with the *Globe*. His detail was night police and he began work just as most men were getting through for the day. His shift took him to four in the morning, so that practically all of the daylight hours he was in bed.

Kissing his mother tenderly, he started for the office. All the way, both walking and while in the street car, his thoughts were on Norton. In spite of all his mother had said and his promise to her, his hands fairly itched to have Norton by the throat.

"Just because he is president of a bank!" he muttered to himself; "just because he has money!"

When he entered the *Globe* office most of the boys were at work. They were not all-night men and reported for duty early in the afternoon.

"Much doing?" Jimmie greeted Bill Graham, the city editor, who was looking over the afternoon papers.

"Not very much, Jimmie," Graham replied. "Little girl hit by an automobile at Fulton and Fourth; a couple of fires and maybe an elopement—a near-one, anyway."

Jimmie picked up his "rehash," as the newspaper clippings to be rewritten are called.

"Say, Bill," he said after a pause, "how do you like Norton of the Second National?"

"About the same as a bulldog loves a tomcat," said Graham. "Why?"

"Oh, I was just wondering."

"You know, don't you, that Norton owns the bonds and controls the *Star*? Well, you know how much we love the *Star*?"

"Yes, we do love the *Star*, don't

we?" said Jimmie with just the flicker of a smile.

"On top of that," the city editor continued, "Norton and the boss had a personal runpus the other week—over the appointment of assistant bank examiner, I believe. Love Norton? He's about as popular with us as a Zeppelin over London would be to Johnny Bull."

"Then," said Jimmie with pretended unconcern, "if I happened to get something on Norton you'd use it, wouldn't you?"

"Use it? Well, say; front page, with pictures a mile high, that's all. Why? Think you've got something on him?"

"No, I just wondered how one of those rich fellows would get along if he happened to get in bad. I guess he'd try to buy us off, wouldn't he?"

"Sure, he would; they all do—those dollar boys. But he couldn't buy the *Globe* just now. There isn't that much money in the world. The boss is pretty sore. I heard him growling about Norton only last night."

"Well," remarked Jimmie, "I don't suppose there's much chance of getting Norton on the hip, anyway."

"The way to get Norton," said Graham, "would be to spring something on that son of his—'Junior' they call him. Junior is about as big a pet as there is in town. His mother idolizes him—she's something of an invalid, you know. But Norton, too, seems to think the kid is about ready to sprout wings. Norton is trying to demonstrate that a rich man's son can be something better than a scapegoat, and the boy seems to be making good, too—goes to prayer meeting every week and teaches a class over at Sunday School. Norton couldn't stand it if any harm or disgrace came to that boy. If you want to get Norton, Jimmie, spring some scandal about the kid."

Meanwhile the typewriters around the room had been clicking along merrily and the office boy, winding among the desks, had gathered up page after

page of copy. Two copy readers came in, took seats at the desk and began their work. Jimmie strolled out to the street and toward police headquarters, where he had his desk, in a cubby-hole of an office, four feet by ten. He walked meditatively and once in a while he seemed to be muttering to himself. Even a casual observer could have told that there was anger in his heart.

As he passed a tiny park which some far-seeing philanthropist had made possible in the heart of the city, Jimmie threw back his head and breathed deeply of the cool October air.

"Hate sure does grow on you," he said to himself; "I guess mother's right about that."

Bassett, police reporter for the *Star*, was in the corridor when Jimmie reached the police station.

"Hello, Bassett," said Jimmie, "anything doing?"

"Nothing at all," answered Bassett grrouchily.

Jimmie went on into the desk sergeant's office.

"Evening, sergeant," he said as he picked up the police blotter to glance over the arrests for the day.

"Evenin', son," returned the sergeant, who had seen many years in the service.

"What's doing tonight?" asked Jimmie.

"Nothing much around here," replied the sergeant. "Something out in the hospital. I don't know what it is; report ain't come in yet."

"We'll take a peep at it," said Jimmie.

In the emergency hospital he found a police surgeon bending over the operating table, on which lay a boy of about ten years. Jimmie recognized him at once—Larry O'Connor, the hunchback newsboy.

"What's the matter with him, Doc?"

"Don't know, Jimmie, except that he's got a bad bruise on the forehead and a bad cut over the eye. We'll have him around in a minute or two; then

maybe he can tell us how it happened."

The boy was still unconscious.

Presently he began to squirm, then to moan, and at last to cry. The doctor, being called to another case, laid the boy on a nearby cot, and Jimmie sat down beside him. In a few minutes the lad was awake.

"How did it happen, Larry?" the reporter asked.

"He knocked me down and then kicked me in the face," said the lad between sobs.

"Who did? One of the newsboys?"

"No, a big guy."

"Did you know him?"

"No; I've seen him a lot but I don't know his name."

"What did he do it for?"

"Well, I asked him to buy a paper and—and—"

"Yes?"

"He was mad and told me to get out of the way. I guess I got a little fresh then. I told him if he couldn't read he could look at the pictures. Then he hit me as hard as he could and after I was down he kicked me. I didn't know anything else till I woke up here."

"Pretty mad, wasn't he?"

Jimmie thought of what his mother had said that day about anger.

"Never mind, Larry," he went on, "we'll get a line on him and the judge'll give him thirty days."

Patrolman Murphy came up to the bed just then. "I'd like to give him thirty raps o' my club, the blaggard!" he said.

From the corridor came the sound of hurrying footsteps. They were halted by a warning tone from the jailer just outside the hospital door. Presently the door opened and Mike Doran, a dirty-faced urchin, was admitted. Mike, under orders from the jailer, tip-toed clumsily across to Larry's bed.

"I followed him, Larry," he said in an excited undertone, "I tracked the coward. He's down there in a back room of Simon's place, playing cards. I followed him, and I got his name be-

fore I came away, too. It took me quite a while, but I got it—got it right, too, and you can have a warrant out for him first thing in the morning."

"What is his name?" asked Jimmie.

"Norton—June Norton," said Mike; "swell guy—his father owns the Second National bank."

Jimmie jumped to his feet.

"Norton!" he exclaimed. "Are you sure?"

"You bet I'm sure," returned Mike. "I got it from three fellows that know him."

Jimmie's mind was whirling: "Norton—June Norton? Sure thing! 'June' is for Junior. Come on with me, Mike," he said. "Larry's got to have a little sleep. We'll come back after awhile, Larry, and take you home."

"The coward!" exclaimed Mike as he and Jimmie reached the sidewalk. "To beat up a little cripple! It wouldn't have been so bad if it had been me or some of the other big kids; but to pick on Larry! They ought to hang him!"

At Jimmie's request Mike recounted in detail how he followed Larry's assailant and found out his name.

"He was cursing all the way down the street," said Mike. "I never saw a fellow so mad."

"Ungovernable temper!" Jimmie thought of his mother's experience at the bank. "Like father, like son," he said to himself.

"Where we going?" asked Mike.

"Jason's photo shop," said Jimmie; "I'll need you down there."

Jimmie's plan had formed almost instantly as he first heard Mike speak the name Norton. Here was his chance to get even for the insult to his mother. It would make a sensational story: "Millionaire's Son Beats Crippled Newsboy"—Jimmie could see the caption flaming in big headlines across the page of the *Globe*. How Norton would be humbled! How his heart would bleed! In the fervor of his determination Jimmie chuckled aloud.

At the photograph gallery Jimmie

asked for a picture of Junior Norton.

"That's him! That's the fellow!" shouted Mike as the picture was shown.

"You have one of his father, I suppose?" Jimmie inquired.

"Oh, yes," said the attendant in charge, "we have several different styles of him. Would you want Mrs. Norton's?"

"Yes, fine!" said Jimmie, and he chuckled again.

"I can stretch the story some," he said to himself, "and bring the mother in, too. He hasn't any regard for women; we'll pay him back in his own coin."

Telling Mike to go and inform Larry's mother that the boy wasn't badly hurt and would be home before long, Jimmie went back to the police station. In his feverish jubilation over the opportunity for revenge which had fallen into his hands, he gave no thought to the words his mother had spoken to him. They had no place in his mind. With the reporter's instinct to make the most sensational story, he was wholly engrossed in assembling the details which he would weave into the narrative. It wouldn't matter if he stretched the truth a little in this case, he told himself; it would be justifiable. As a matter of fact, however, he would not need to stretch the truth. He knew that to tell the plain and unvarnished facts would bring the result at which he aimed. For not only did the brutal assault have in it the elements of human interest, but there was the added feature that little hunchback Larry was a familiar figure on the streets and mention of him as the victim would arouse wide comment. The newsboy cripple was known almost universally throughout the city. His name and photograph had more than once adorned the pages, not only of the *Globe* but of the other newspapers as well. The town, Jimmie knew, would be alive with the talk of Norton's cruelty.

When Jimmie reached his type-

writer he was eager to begin his story at once; the thrill was on him. But there lying before him was the pile of clippings from the afternoon papers—his "rewrite"; and it was an invariable rule in the office of the *Globe* that "rewrite" was early copy. His front-page story must wait.

Pounding away at his typewriter, Jimmie soon had the bulk of his early copy written.

Suddenly the emergency gong clanged out and half a dozen reserve officers rushed to their places in the patrol autos. Jimmie was there with the first of them.

"Riot at the Selmo steel yards," called the desk sergeant and the autos thundered away.

Even in the wild dash to the steel yards, three miles out on the edge of town, Jimmie was thinking only of the Norton story. What was a riot to that? He resented the call that took him away.

The "riot" was not nearly so important as the call at police headquarters had indicated. It was, in fact, nothing more than a free-for-all fight among half a dozen workmen—three Germans, two Yorkshire boys and a Russian. Jimmie didn't think much of the affair; and yet realizing that the nationalities involved would make an interesting war-time sidelight, he went at once to work interviewing some of the bystanders—and he almost swore when he discovered that the police patrols had gone back to the station without him. That meant the loss of over half an hour at least, counting the time he must wait for a car.

It was 9 o'clock when Jimmie squared away for his big story. His thirst for revenge on Norton had lost none of its intensity; it seemed, rather, to have increased. He put in a call to the engraver to be ready for a quick job on a lay-out of three pictures; then settled down to tell the *Globe's* thousands of readers how the scape-grace son of millionaire Norton had, without provocation, beaten a little crippled newsboy and kicked him

when he was down. For nearly half an hour he wrote; then read his story over, changing here and there a word or phrase, and chuckling the while. How sweet revenge would be!

Suddenly the impulse came to give his victim a slight foretaste of the humiliation and disgrace that was to be his on the morrow. He reached for the telephone book.

"Central, give me Belmont 569. Hello!, Is this the Norton residence?"

A woman's gentle voice answered him: "Yes."

"Is Mr. Norton there?"

"No, he has a meeting at the bank this evening."

"Is Junior there, please?"

"No, he telephoned that he wouldn't be home for lunch and that this evening he had a conference with a committee of his Sunday school."

In the very tones of the woman's voice resounded the mother's joy and pride in her son.

"All right, thank you;" and the receiver went up.

Not until then had Jimmie really weighed in his mind the thing he was about to do. Not until that moment did he remember that he was about to break a mother's heart. With this thought came a reflection of his own mother at home: "You've always been manly; don't change now."

Something of a lump came into his throat but he choked it down.

"The cur!" he suddenly exclaimed in undertone; "he didn't care how my mother felt. It's my chance now. I won't let it slip. The dog!"

He took up the telephone again. "Main 35," he said. "Hello: the *Globe*? Give me Mr. Graham. Hello, Graham, send the boy over for some copy, will you? And, say, give me as much front page as you can spare. Can't tell you about the story now; am afraid Bassett will come in on me; he's just outside in the hall. Yes, pictures; three of them."

Perspiration stood out on his fore-

head as he hung up the receiver. He leaned back in his chair and gazed at the ceiling. His breath came heavily.

"Hate sure does take hold of you!" he said musingly. "I wonder if it grows on you when you don't check it at the start?"

The telephone rang.

"Hello."

"Hello, my boy." It was his mother, calling to tell him good night, as she always did.

"Hello, Mumsey."

"It's my bedtime. Are you all right, son?"

"Yes, I'm all right."

"I've been worried about you all evening, Jimmie boy. You were in such a state of mind when you went to work that I've been afraid for you."

"I'm all right, mother."

"You haven't seen Mr. Norton?"

"No, I haven't seen him."

"That's right. Don't say anything to him while you are feeling mean. Troubles settled in anger are never really settled, you know; they're made all the worse, usually. Good night, son. Be careful!"

The copy boy banged into the office.

"Is this all the copy?" he asked, reaching for the copy hook on the wall.

"Wait a minute," said Jimmie.

His face tense and his shoulders heaving, Jimmie stared at the open manuscript. He breathed deeply. It was a mighty struggle of emotions that surged within him—a struggle between the world-old forces of Hate and Love.

The copy boy waited in silence.

"I'll keep this one," said Jimmie at last. "Tell Mr. Graham my front page story fell through; there won't be any pictures. That's all."

As the boy hurried away Jimmie settled deeper in his chair.

"Better stick to mother, I guess," he said, slowly and half aloud. "*A fellow is usually all right when he does that.*"



Glad Tidings

XIII

THE SABBATH DAY

The reason for keeping the Sabbath Day is explained to you and me by divine revelation, which says:

"And that thou mayest more fully keep thyself unspotted from the world, thou shalt * * * offer thine oblations and thy sacraments upon my holy days."

"For verily this is a day appointed unto you to rest from your labors and pay thy devotions unto the Most High."

We have read of the beautiful maiden Evangeline, how after Sunday service, "Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her."

That is the way we each feel, after worshipping our Heavenly Father on His own appointed day and in His own appointed way.

In keeping holy the Sabbath Day, we gain a sweet joy, an enriched spiritual life, and in our hearts we feel that "God blessed the day and hallowed it."

But this is not all. We prepare ourselves to more worthily enjoy a world of good things that are made for the benefit and use of man. How countless these gifts would be, were we to name them one by one!

"Verily I say that inasmuch as ye do this, the fullness of the earth is yours: the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, and that which climb

eth upon the trees and walketh upon the earth;

"Yea, and the herb, and the good things which cometh of the earth, whether for food or for raiment, or for houses or for barns, or for orchards, or for gardens, or for vineyards;

"Yes, all things which come of the earth, in the season thereof, are made for the benefit and use of man, both to please the eye and gladden the heart;

"Yea, for food and for raiment, for taste and for smell, to strengthen the body and to enliven the soul." (Doc. and Cov., Sec. 59:16-20.)

Thus does a kind Heavenly Father provide for our every want. His wisdom surpasseth all our understanding and right willingly may we acknowledge His hand in all things.

Only those who keep the Sabbath holy in thought, word and deed can know its pure joy and reap its blessedness.

Wrinkles and Cares

When mamma takes the clothes all in,

They're wrinkled dreadfully;
But with an iron she makes them
just

As smooth as they can be.

The wrinkles are the cares, she says,

That trouble one each day;
The iron is like the sunny smile
That chases them away.

So every time that things go wrong,

And I begin to pout
And sulk, I stop, then start to smile
To smooth my troubles out.

Arrival in the Promised Land

When the Lord commanded Lehi to leave Jerusalem, He gave the prophet and his family the assurance that He would lead them to a land of promise. This blessing—like all of the Lord's blessings—was predicated on their faithfulness. In speaking to Nephi on this matter, the Lord said: "Inasmuch as ye shall keep my commandments, ye shall prosper, and shall be led to a land of promise; yea, even a land which I have prepared for you; yea, a land which is choice above all other lands."

wilderness: the company would have to cross a mighty ocean, for which they had made no provision whatever. This was, certainly, a test of faith, and especially of the faith of Laman and Lemuel, who had very little. But the homeless wanderers were encouraged from time to time with renewed promises from the Lord, and on one occasion Nephi was shown in vision the promised land which he and his children after him would inherit.

It is interesting to read how the Lord removed, one by one, the obstacles from the path of His people. After the company had been in the



ARRIVAL IN THE PROMISED LAND

It was a long way from Jerusalem to the promised land, and many obstacles lay in the path of Lehi and his people. They would have to travel through a trackless desert; their food would, for the most part, consist of the flesh of wild animals, to be eaten raw, for the Lord had commanded that fires should not be kindled in the

valley of Lemuel a certain length of time, the Lord one night told Lehi to resume his journey on the morrow. But a great difficulty confronted the good man and his followers—they did not know the course they should take. This difficulty was overcome the following morning. When Lehi came out of his tent, to his astonishment he

saw lying on the ground a brass ball of curious workmanship. He picked it up and examined it. In the ball there were two spindles, one of which pointed the way in which the company should travel. The brass ball—or Liahona, as it was called—guided them into parts of the desert where they were able to obtain food. But, as we have seen, their food consisted for the most part of the flesh of wild beasts, and had to be eaten raw. This would have been very unpalatable had not the Lord blessed it by making it sweet to the taste.

After traveling eight years in the wilderness, Lehi and his followers came to the great ocean. Here, perhaps, the greatest difficulty of all presented itself—how could the company cross the mighty deep? They did not have tools with which to construct a ship, and even if they had had tools, no one knew how to do the work. But this great obstacle was also overcome. The Lord told Nephi where he would find ore out of which to

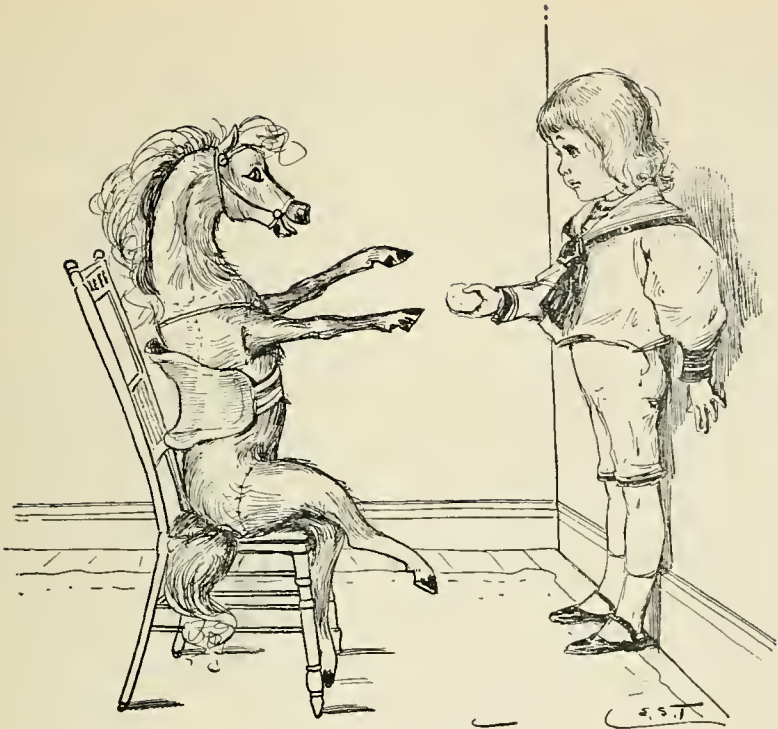
make tools. He also showed him in vision the kind of ship to build and gave him instructions from time to time concerning the way in which he should build it.

The ship was built; it was provisioned with fruit and wild honey which the company found in abundance in Bountiful, and after committing themselves to the care of the Lord, Lehi and his people ventured out upon the great deep. After a voyage lasting many days, the company landed on this continent, at a place, we are told by the Prophet Joseph Smith, near where the city of Valparaiso, Chili, now stands.

On arriving in the promised land the colonists—as seen in the accompanying illustration—erected an altar on which they offered sacrifices and burnt offerings, and gave thanks and praise to God for His protecting care and for the many other blessings they had received from His bounteous hand.



SUNDAY SCHOOL OF ANACONDA, MONTANA



"Oh, certainly sir!" said Tot

A Live Rocking-Horse

By Elizabeth S. Tucker

Tot and Dot were twins. They seemed to be twins in their minds as well as in their bodies. They always had to have everything alike, and they each had a very queer experience with their toys.

First came Tot's experience.

He was sitting all alone by the nursery fire, the night he had the sore throat (from playing in puddles). He was having to stay home from a party when Dot and all the others went.

He had a new picture-book, but he was "dozey" and lonely and so he sat and watched the fire and dreamed—did he dream? Well, see what you think.

While he was sitting this way, he heard a creaky sound, which grew louder and louder until at last he look-

ed about the room to see what it was.

There in the corner he saw Brownie, his dear old rocking-horse, rocking away all by himself!

He watched him, and soon the horse rocked faster and faster until he moved out from the wall where he had been placed. Then he did a curious thing for a rocking-horse to do.

He rocked forward, and backward, he lifted first one of his feet and then the other, and then he pranced off the rockers with a somersault and came across the floor towards the astonished Tot, with a very creaky stiff-jointed step.

"Well, upon my word!" said Tot.

He didn't feel very comfortable. It was so very queer.

He got up, and at once that funny horse took the little chair, and sat down in it!

With his legs stiffly held out in front of him, he was a most ridiculous

sight, and Tot wanted to laugh—but didn't feel quite safe to do so.

It gave him a very peculiar feeling to see a horse—and a rocking-horse at that, sitting down on a chair! He backed away to the wall. He had a cookie in his hand which he had been eating.

"Give me some of that," said a hoarse leathery voice coming from the horse's red mouth.

"Oh, certainly sir!" said Tot, and held his cookie out to Brownie.

"Put it in my mouth," said the voice. Tot did feel scarey to do this, but he pushed the cookie deep into the wooden lips, and was rewarded by having the horse exclaim in a voice like sawdust, "Oh, my! but that's good stuff you boys eat. Give me more!"

And Tot had to give that horse every cookie on the plate.

The cookies seemed to have a lively effect on Brownie. He rose, exclaiming, "It's fun to be alive!" and then began to prance stiffly all about the room.

Tot went behind the sofa and watched his gambols at a safe distance. That absurd horse flung up his stiff wooden heels like a colt, trotted all about the room, shook his mane, and pranced in such a ridiculous way it was hard not to laugh. And when he at last stiffly lay down and tried to roll—like a real horse—on the green carpet Tot could stand it no longer and burst out laughing.

Instantly, Brownie flopped over on his side and lay still—only a little wooden rocking-horse once more.

Tot rubbed his eyes hard—and there he was by the fire, and nurse was standing beside him exclaiming, "Why, whatever does all this noise mean, Master Tot?"

Then seeing Brownie on the floor, she said, "Oh, I see, the poor old rocking-horse has broken and fallen off his stand! Dear, dear, what a lot of sawdust on my floor!"

Tot eagerly tried to tell her of the

wonderful experience he had just been through—but she, like all grown-up people at many of the wonderful times in a child's life, only insisted that he had been "dreaming."

She may have been right. "But," said Tot when he told the story to Dot, "there lay Brownie on the floor, with a hole burst in his side, and the cookies were all gone!"

When the man come to mend Brownie, Tot asked him to put nails as well as glue in all his four feet—for he didn't altogether enjoy the experience of having his rocking-horse careering about the room alive.

He was sorry he laughed though. He would like to have seen more. "Whatever you do if toys come alive, don't laugh," he said to Dot. "It hurts their feelings and ends it all."

Now this was a very queer experience wasn't it?

And so was Dot's. I'll tell you all about that.



Favoritism

I love my flannel doggy,
I love my ginger boy;
I know when I get hungry
Which one I'll best enjoy.
Margaret G. Hays.

The Children's Budget Box

My First Potato Patch

When I was seven years old my papa gave me a small piece of ground in one corner of our lot, and told me I could plant whatever I wanted to. I wondered what I could plant that would be the most profitable, and after thinking for some time I decided on potatoes. So, the first thing I did was to rake the large lumps of dirt away. Then I took a little shovel and dug small holes and placed pieces of potatoes in them, then covered them over carefully. After I had planted all of my potatoes, I cared for them every day. It seemed to me at first that they were not going to grow. But Sunday morning I got up early so I could see to my potatoes before I went to Sunday School. The first things I spied were little green sprouts peeping out of my potato patch. I thought they were weeds growing in the place of potatoes. So I ran back to the house as quickly as I could and told mama and papa to come out and look at my potato patch. There seemed to be weeds growing in every place I planted potatoes.

When they saw them they laughed and said, "Why, those are potatoes." And oh! how happy I was when they said that!

I watched and cared for my garden most of my time after that, and I was very glad when we had our first new potatoes, because they were out of my own little patch.

Almeda Wardle,
Bates, Idaho.

Age 14.

My Dolly

My dolly is a naughty girl.
All her hair is out of curl,
And she has torn her pretty dress.
Her name is Elsa Bess.

Elizabeth Dyet,
Virginia, Idaho.

Age 10.

Flowers

A is for Asters, hearty and bright,
B is for Balsams that sometimes are white;
C is for Carnations white and sweet,
D is for Daisies which grow at our feet;
F is for Fern so tender and rare,
G is for Golden Rod that grows without care;
H is for Hollyhock which grows very tall;
I is for Iris that blooms before fall;
L is for Lily, very fair and sweet,
M is for a flower which we call Marguerite,
N is for Nasturtium with drooping head,
P is for Poppy, both yellow and red;
R is for Roses which grow rather high,
S is for Sweet-peas which seem never to die;
T is for Tansy that smells very sweet,
V is for Violet so dainty and near;
W is for Woodbine, which wanders many feet,
Z is for Zinnia which we often meet.
Marba Lemon,
Age 14.

Ioka, Utah.

What Became of a Grain of Wheat

The first I can remember is of being a very small seed living in a bin with countless other seeds. Not long after this a farmer came and got some of the seeds and myself in a basket. We were carried for a long way in this basket, then we were sent flying over the earth. I thought for a while I should perish when suddenly it became dark and there I lay for a long time in the dark.

After I had lain in the same place for about two weeks something seemed to say, "Wake up!" several times, so I did and pushed my head up out of the earth.

I grew bigger and bigger until one day I was cut off my root and was hauled away with a number of other stems of wheat and was stacked. Then came another long journey to the thrasher, where we were threshed.

I thought sure this would be our last journey, but it was not, for we were soon sent to the mill, where after many processes, I finally came out as beautiful white flour and was again sold.

Age 13. Miss Violetta Rasmussen,
P. O. Box 66, Soda Springs, Idaho.

Honorable Mention

Fern Anderson, Cedar Fort, Utah.
Ida Andrews, Bates, Idaho.
Celia Anderson, Venice, Utah.
Elva Anderson, Venice, Utah.
Erma Brady, Fairview, Utah.
Nina Barlow, Murray, Utah.
Ernest Bunn, Lanark, Idaho.
Vaneda Brown, Lanark, Idaho.
Thora Baldwin, Sugar, Utah.
Ruby Behuin, Ferron, Utah.
Louise Black, Arco, Idaho.
Edward Cannon, Whitmer, Wyoming.
La Rue Cowley, Byron, Wyoming.
Carrie Dotson, Logan, Nevada.
Bertha Day, Lawrence, Utah.
Ernest Dotson, Logan, Utah.
Edna Eva Esplin, Banida, Idaho.
Alma Findlay, Lanark, Idaho.
Melba Hamblin, Ramah, New Mexico.
Velma Harris, Payson, Utah.
E. Priscilla Harrison, Malad, Idaho.
James Hoagland, Eagle, Idaho.
Ronald E. Jessop, Millville, Utah.
Fern Johnson, St. Johns, Arizona.
Theron Johnson, Sunnyside, Utah.
Birtren Langford, Summit, Utah.
Eva Lauritzen, Preston, Nevada.
Glen Lowe, Franklin, Idaho.
Lola McPhee, Frankburg, Canada.
Amy Mower, Oakville, Utah.
Fern Moore, Acequia, Idaho.
Jay Ostberg, Bridge, Idaho.
Ida Perkins, Chesterfield, Idaho.
Lydia Pace, Rupert, Idaho.

Anrilla Remington, American Fork, Utah.

J. Alvin Ray, Ucon, Idaho.
Laveda A. Roberts, Lanark, Idaho.
Viola Roberts, Lanark, Idaho.
T. Reed Talbot, Oak City, Utah.
Artie Welling, Cowley, Wyoming.
Lula Webb, Emmett, Idaho.

October Puzzle

1.—Salt.	4.—Cement.
2.—Quartz.	5.—Potatoes.
3.—Flour.	6.—Grain.

Winners: Miss Almeda Wardle,
Bates, Idaho.

Thora Baldwin, Box 81a, R. D. 1,
Sugar Station, Salt Lake City.

Edwin Harold Calder, Vernal, Utah.

Products of Utah

"Salt" is the product of our Lake,
One of the articles that we make;
"Quartz" is an output of our mines,
And one of our great prosperity signs.
"Flour" is the name our people sings
As one of our most important things.
"Cement" a necessity for a home,
Has won us fame as far as Rome,
"Potatoes" grown in our loamy sand,
Are natives of our dear Ireland.
"Grain" is raised our needs to meet,
The most important being wheat.
The six products named compose
The products of our state which rose
From deserts, and as everybody knows,
It reached its present state through
blows

Directed by faithful pioneers of old
Not on account of silver and gold.

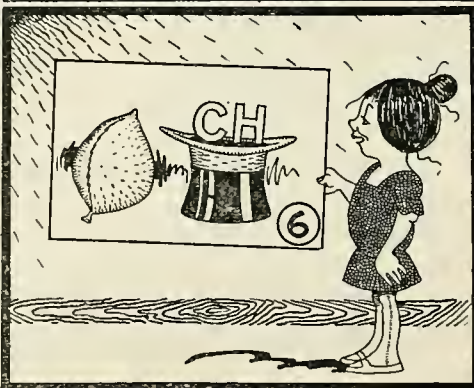
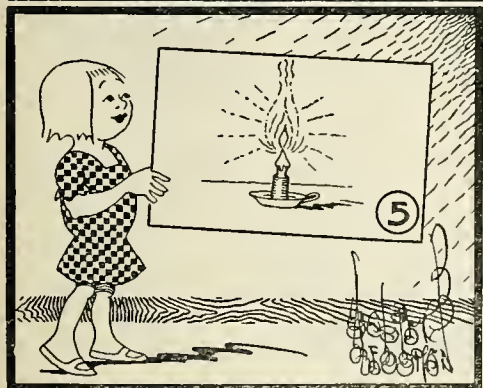
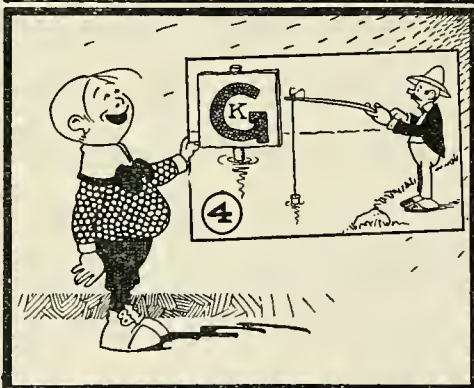
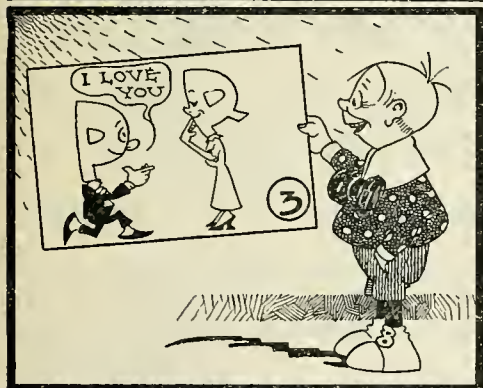
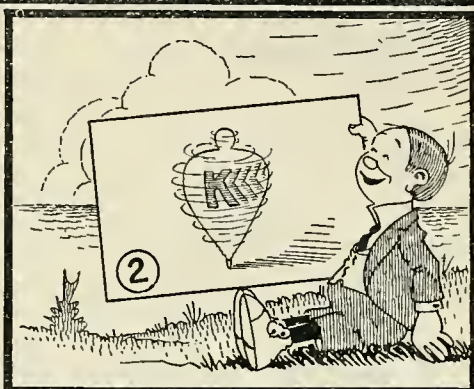
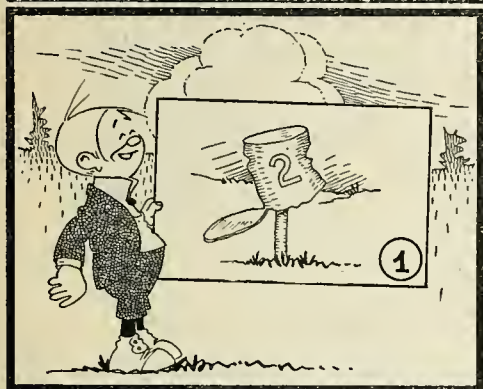
Edwin Harold Calder,
Age 13. Vernal, Uintah Co., Utah.

Prizes of books will be given to each of the first ten of all under seventeen years of age who correctly solve the bird puzzle, and send us the best article not to exceed 200 words, or poem of not to exceed twenty lines, on any subject. Answers and compositions must reach us not later than December 1st. Address, Puzzle Editor, JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Room 202, L. D. S. Church Office Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

BIRD-LORE PUZZLE

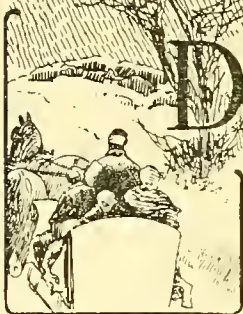
EACH CARD REPRESENTS A BIRD.


















BY WALTER
WELLMAN





The Little Noah's Ark

XI




DICK and Dilly were up with the Saturday morning. First, they ran into the hall and pounded on a . "Wake up, Papa!" cried . "Wake up, Mama!" cried . "We're awake," called . "Please hurry, then," said Dick, "for you know this is the day we go to Grandpa A.'s ; to find the  and the !" Then they scampered back to dress. After breakfast a pair of  pranced up to the door with a , and each horse wore a belt of jingling . Papa and Mama and Dick and Dilly climbed in, and tucked the fur robes round them, and Papa snapped the , and they were off. It was a long jolly ride, but at last they climbed a great white , and on the top was Grandpa A.'s big farm-, with the big  in front, and the big  behind. Grandpa A. and Grandma A. were on the veranda to welcome them, and soon they were gathered round the  in the sitting-room, talking and laughing. "Please, Grandma A.," suddenly broke in Dick, "have you ever seen a  and a





in your attic?" "A giraffe and a rhinoceros in my attic!" repeated  A. --- "I hope not!" "No, Dick," said  A., "we've got a lot of tame ani-










mals, but we've never kept wild ones in the attic, more'n a  now and then."


"But there is a giraffe and a rhinoceros up there," said Dick, "and they've been there 'bout twenty years, I guess!" "Why,

Dick!" cried Grandma A. --- and  explained.

"Now, let's go up!" cried Dick, starting for the .

They all followed. It was a real old country attic, full of , and , and furniture, and , and

, and seed , and brass , and a ,


and a . It smelled of herbs. "Now, Mama, where'd you hide them?" said Dick. "I said I'd


never tell, you know!" laughed



Mama. "But, look!" she ad-

ded, "there is where I had my

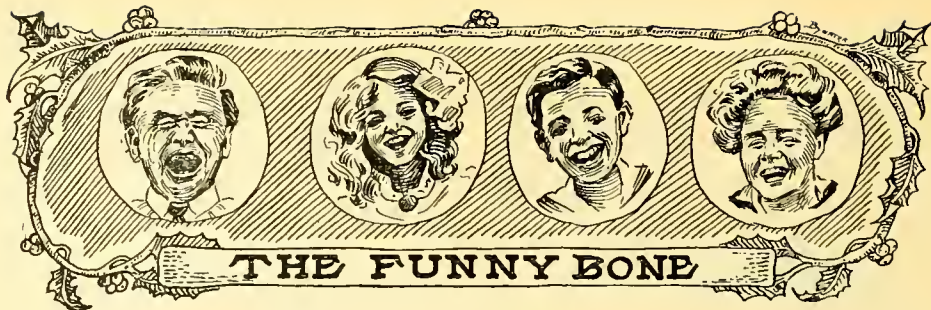


! It was on a , right over that knot-hole. I always put

it over that , so I would n't lose anything down it." "Oh,

oh!" cried Dick, "I know where you hid them --- I know now where you hid Papa's  and !"





Unanimous

Bill: "Say, do you really like Peter?"
 Sam: "Well, he's got a good heart and means well, but—"
 Bill: "Neither do I."

Misinterpreted

Mistress: "Did you see if the butcher had pigs' feet?"
 Maid: "No, ma'am, I couldn't—he had his boots on.—Chicago Herald."

True

The rain that keeps you from church is no wetter than that which soaked you at the baseball game.

Anxious

Little five-year-old Hilda, watching the big, round moon slowly coming up behind the mountains, gets anxious, as she exclaims: "Look! mama! t-the moon can't get its chin out."

Where the Art Came In

Frame-Maker: "Is it true that the picture you just sold is a genuine work of art?"
 Dealer: "No, my friend; but the story I told about it was."

"Is You"

A little girl went into a grocery store in Oklahoma and said to the groceryman:

"Is you got any aigs to sell?"
 "I ain't said I ain't, is I?" replied the grocer.

"I ain't asked you is you ain't," expostulated the child; "I asked you ain't you is."

No Place Like Home

Neighbor: "Hello, Jenkins! How are you? Haven't seen you in the garden for quite a time, and you never come and

see the wife and me now. Why is that?"

Jenkins: "Well, the fact is, old chap, that it's not through ill will or bad feeling, or anything like that, you know; only you and Mrs. Possmore have borrowed so many things from me that when I see your place it makes me feel homesick."

Classic Patent Medicine

The Lean Man: "What made the Tower of Pisa lean?"

The Fat One: "If I knew I'd try it!"

Not So Violent

A little negro boy whose sole playmates and friends were two little kittens, was playing with them one day on the sidewalk, when a man came by and asked the names of the cats. The boy replied, "Tom and Jerry." The man asked him why he did not name them Cook and Peary.

The little boy immediately spoke up, "These ain't no polecats, boss."

Embarrassing

Little brother was wearing clean-looking, blue knickerbockers, but there were three or four tawny-colored spots upon the front. Three old maids stopped to admire him, but one expressed wonder that the mother hadn't patched the bloomers with the same color of cloth.

Little brother overheard and, blushing deeply, explained: "Them ain't yellor patches. Them's me."

Nobody Home

A man who was very vain of his personal appearance went to the doctor one day and asked him to explain a singular circumstance. "Doctor," he said, "my hair is perfectly black, but my whiskers are turning white rapidly. Now, how do you account for that?" "Well," replied the physician, "I don't know, unless it is because your jaws have worked a great deal harder than your brains."

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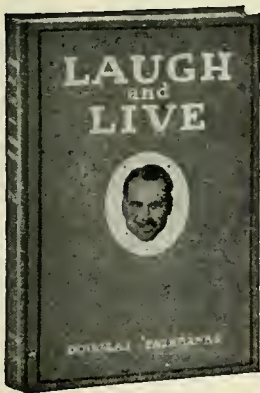
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Cotton, bleached, medium heavy wt.....	1.85	Wash shrunk Wool, med. wt.....	2.50
Cotton, bleached, heavy wt.....	2.25	Wash shrunk Wool, heavy wt.....	3.00
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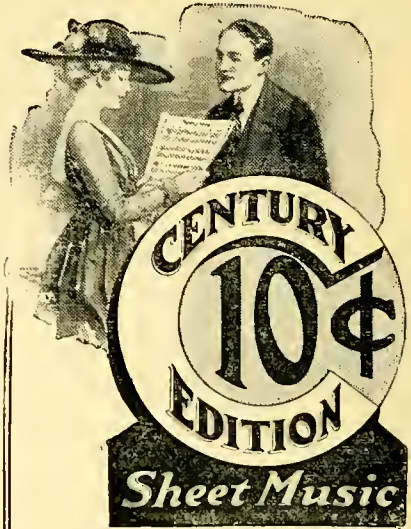
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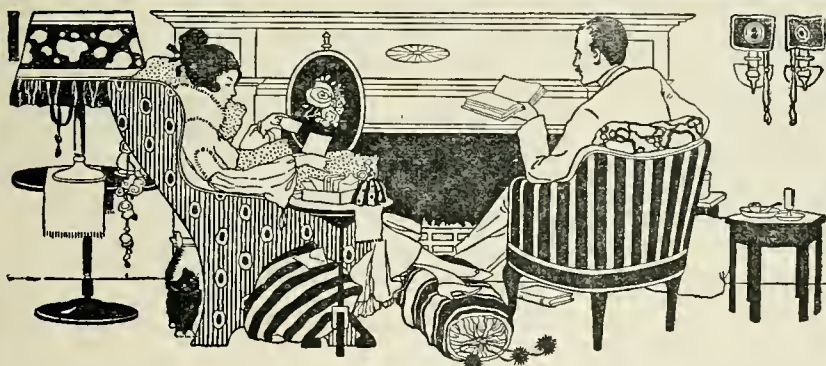
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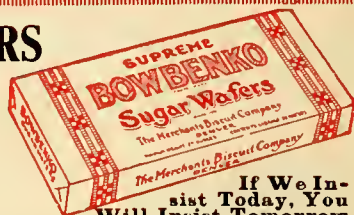
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